

The Sketch

No. 692.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1906.

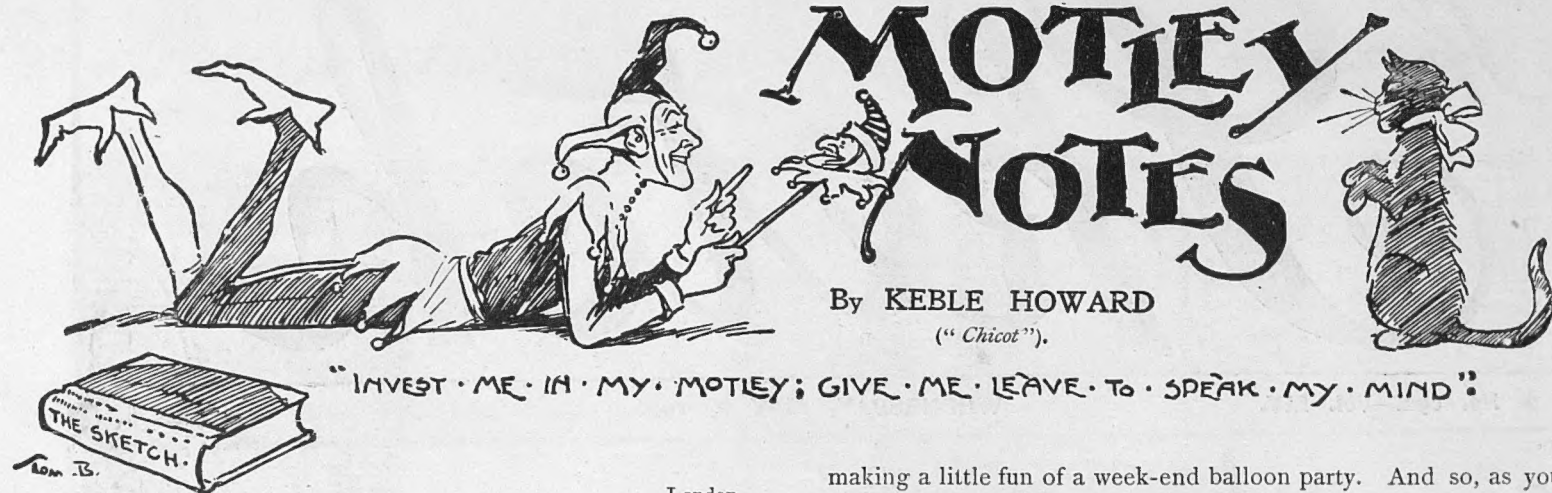
SIXPENCE.



35,000 DOLLARS FOR "COMMÈRE": MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO HAS JUST INHERITED A FORTUNE OF £7000.

Miss Billie Burke, the popular young actress who is playing Commère in the London Coliseum "revue," received a letter a few days ago stating that she had inherited £7000 from Mr. Wallace T. Sawyer, an old friend of her father. It is believed that Mr. Sawyer perished in the San Francisco disaster. Miss Burke is herself an American. Our photograph shows her as Commère.

Photograph by Campoell-Gray; Setting by "The Sketch."



London.

THE most enviable writer of the moment is Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour. He can make "copy" out of every single thing that meets his eye. After his long absence from London, and his immunity from the daily and weekly Press, he has the privilege of looking at us in perspective and telling us what queer people we are. I hope he will make good use of this opportunity. He might write a delightfully satirical comedy. I am half afraid, though, that Mr. Jabez Balfour intends to take us very seriously. It seems as though he would content himself with this sort of thing: "The use of india-rubber tyres on the cab-wheels struck me greatly," and "The men do not seem so well garbed as they were, but the women are certainly better dressed." Now, the very fact that you find a certain amount of interest in those mild comments, friend the reader, proves the truth of my opening statement that the most enviable writer of the moment is Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour. With a little imagination, with a little humour, just think what astonishing criticisms he might put forth! Even I, with a very little imagination and a very little humour, could beat that indiarubber-tyre sort of stuff. For example: "Since my release, one of the things that has impressed me most strongly is the wonderful refinement that has come over the features of the London police. I remember them as rather heavy, unintellectual-looking men, but that has all passed away. Their faces to-day seem to me to be irradiated with a sublime, almost a seraphic, expression. Their eyes are larger and more thoughtful, their noses are smaller, their lips thinner, their moustaches more delicately curled, their skin whiter. I can imagine no more beautiful specimen of the English male, indeed, than the typical London policeman." That may sound a little exaggerated, perhaps, but we should all believe it if it came from Mr. Jabez Balfour. If he means to take my hint, though, he must look sharp. His value as a Rip Van Winkle is decreasing every day.

Most people, I fear, are very slow to appreciate the value of a really useful hint. Five years ago, or thereabouts, I suggested in "Motley Notes" that motor-cars should spray the roads with scent in order to counteract the horrible smell of petrol. Nobody took the slightest notice until a week or two ago, when we were told, in an amazed paragraph, that some foreign lady had hit upon the same idea. What is more, she seems likely to make a great deal of money out of her heliotrope-cones. Do I grumble? Certainly not. I have long since recognised that my mission in life is to give away valuable ideas as freely as the curate hands out buns at a school-treat.

The *Car* is responsible for the statement that week-end balloon parties are the latest form of country-house attraction. (There is probably something funny to be said about that, but I can't think of anything. The more I flog my brains, indeed, the more reasonable it seems to me that people should vary the monotony of a quiet Sunday in the country by going for a little ride in a balloon. When I clipped the thing out of the paper, I thought, as I say, that it would work up into rather an amusing paragraph. I saw myself being almost entertaining on the selection of the party, on how high they ascended, on where they came down, on what they said, and so forth. The expectation, surely, was reasonable enough. Nor had my courage failed me when I wrote the opening sentence. "The *Car* is responsible for the statement that week-end balloon parties are the latest form of country-house attraction." Having written it, though, I stuck fast. I tried the effect of a cup of tea. I walked about the room. I smoked a pipe. I stared out of the window. I strummed on the piano. All these remedies have proved effectual in far more difficult cases, but they proved absolutely useless when it came to

making a little fun of a week-end balloon party. And so, as you see, I have made a paragraph about not being able to make one.)

At this time of year, it is always a pleasure to read in one's newspaper about the return of the birds. I would suggest, however, that their doings, which must be just as important to them as ours are to us, should be recorded with rather more ceremony. Is it quite nice, for example, to say bluntly: "BLACKCAP.—Seen in the south-east for about a fortnight. CHIFF-CHAFF.—Heard in different parts of the kingdom during March"? Such abruptness, it seems to me, is unworthy of the subject, and I beg to offer, therefore, the following model—

"SOCIETY JOTTINGS FROM BIRD-LAND."

"It was bitterly cold at Epsom on the day of the race for the City and Suburban, and doubtless this kept many ladies away. Lady Chiff-chaff, however, looking all the better for her winter abroad, was braving the blast in the company of her husband, Lord Chiff-chaff, and the Countess of Yellow Wagtail. Both ladies were wearing very pretty feather boas.

"We understand that the Baron von Hoopoe is paying one of his rare visits to this country, being the guest of Lord and Lady Wryneck at their beautiful place in Devonshire. The Baron will not come to London unless absolutely compelled to do so.

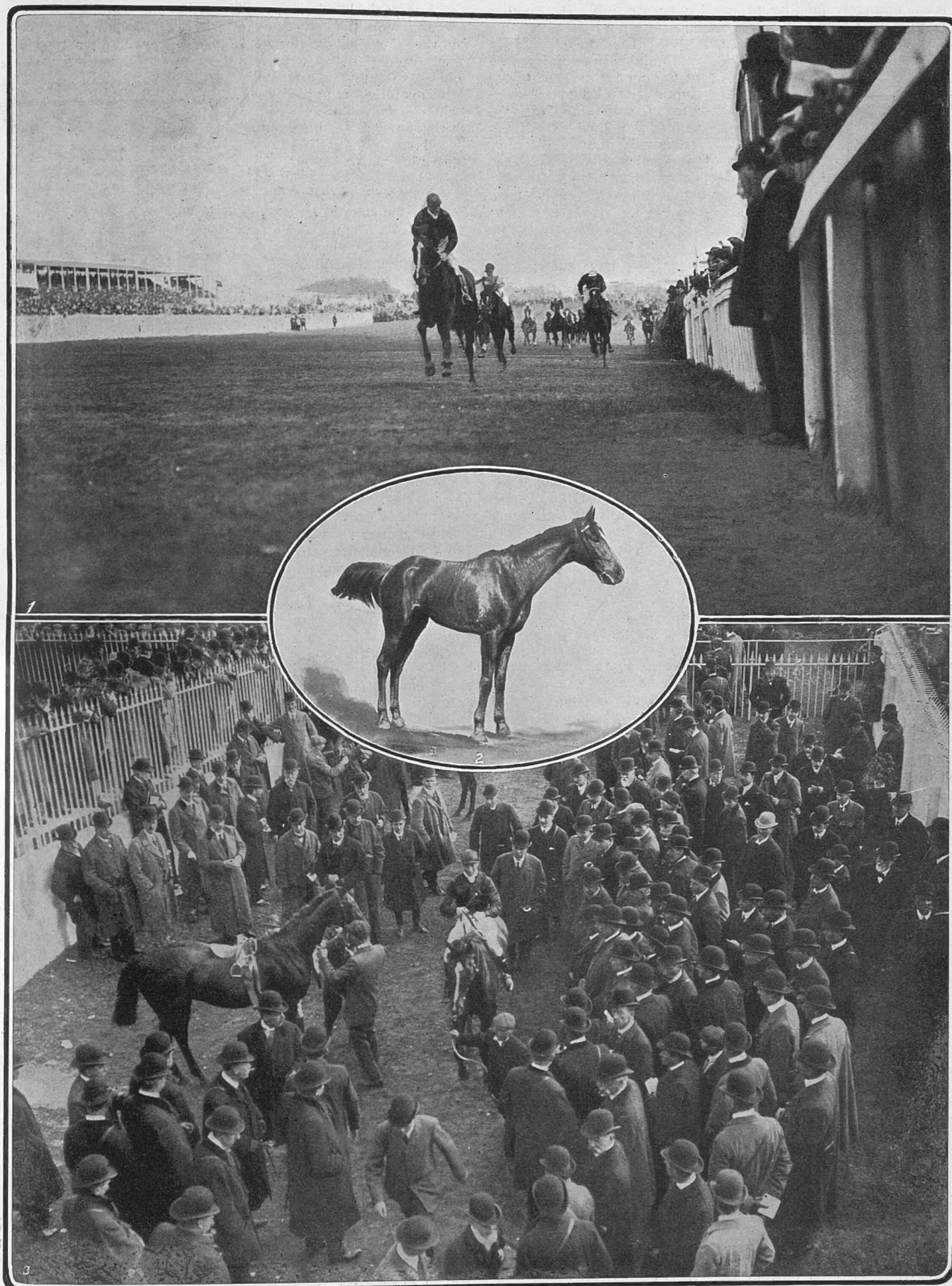
"A particularly charming musical at-home was given one evening last week by that popular hostess, Mrs. Willie Willow-Wren. Among the celebrated singers specially engaged for the occasion were Madame Nightingale and Mr. Walter Cuckoo. We understand that the latter has taken the comfortable little house formerly occupied by Sir Henry and Lady Thrush.

"The Duke and Duchess of Duck have already reopened River Retreat, where they will next week have the pleasure of entertaining Lord and Lady Dabchick. We are asked to contradict the statement that the Duke of Duck has requested his eldest son, Lord Duckling, to vacate The Nest. We understand that, although his lordship is a trifle wild, he takes to water as readily as his parents.

"Owing, doubtless, to the brilliance of the weather, the Park was quite gay yesterday afternoon. Among the well-known Society people to be seen taking the air were Lady Robin (in a smart costume relieved at the breast with a becoming touch of red), the Hon. Mrs. Blackcap, and Mrs. Rook-Raven. The last-named was busily attending to the peremptory demands of her young family."

The English girl has been getting into trouble again, and it is, of course, one of the journals intended to appeal solely to women that has been attacking her. What do you think of this for an endearing statement? "The English girl is never natural. She is, as a rule, so self-conscious that she cannot do her own beauty justice. She knows she is dull, and the consciousness of the fact adds to her inherent shyness. She does not develop until she is married." I may be wrong, but I don't believe a man would go on taking in a paper that went out of its way, week after week, to call him a fool. Yet a girl reading that indictment would feel quite happy, I suppose, in believing that it was intended to apply only to her sisters and friends. What the writer actually meant, one imagines, was this: "You are never natural, you gawky reader. You are so self-conscious that you cannot do justice to any good looks you happen to possess. You know you are dull, and the consciousness of the fact makes you sillier than ever. You will never be worth knowing until you are married." How do you like it now, sweet English girl? Are you indignant to the point of tears? Or is it true that nothing interests you so much as hearing yourself abused? Do tell me.

DEAN SWIFT WINS AT LAST: THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.



1. THE FINISH: DEAN SWIFT (H. RANDALL UP)
WINS BY THREE LENGTHS.

2. MR. J. B. JOEL'S DEAN SWIFT, WINNER OF
THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

3. DEAN SWIFT RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER THE RACE.

Dean Swift made up for the many disappointments he has given his backers by winning the City and Suburban at 15 to 2. He won easily by three lengths from Golden Measure. Donnetta was third, and Sir Daniel fourth.

Photographs by Baker and Muggeridge.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Trouble in Zululand—Scares in a Land of Black Men—Before the Zulu War—Rumours, Nerves, and Lies—Somptsen and Cetewayo—Parleys of Long Pauses and Sleepy Sounds.

ALL these alarms and excursions in Zululand and its borders seem strangely familiar to me, for twenty-seven years ago I learned very fully how many rumours, how many false reports, how many scares are possible in a land of black men. May I claim the privilege of the old club bore and indulge in reminiscences of the commencement of the Zulu War? I had marched a troop of mounted infantry across the breadth of the Transvaal, from Christiania to Standerton, and had been warned that it would be wise to have the horses in good condition, for there was likely to be hard work in store for them.

They called us "bashi-bazouks" in those days, and the men with bushy beards, battered khaki helmets, corduroy breeches, coats patched with buckskin, and boots bought in the Kimberley stores, looked as unlike the British soldier as seen in England as can be imagined.

We halted at Standerton, waiting for the word to ride to the border. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the High Commissioner, was at Utrecht parleying, and there were tales told in the Standerton stores—where the Dutch farmers assembled to sell mealies and buy coffee, to drink "Cape smoke," and narrate wonderful yarns—of the Zulu regiments being called up to the head kraal, of recalcitrant chiefs being "eaten up," of the boasts of the young regiments, and every white-bearded Boer had some personal story of



THE VICTOR IN SATURDAY'S WRESTLING MATCH: GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT.

Hackenschmidt was deadly pale when he mounted the platform for his match with Madrali for the Championship of the World, and appeared curiously nervous. He soon got to work, however, and won with comparative ease.

Photograph by Topical Press.

fighting. The word to march came rather dramatically. I had some very good friends at Standerton, British settlers, and they made up a party to go to a "naachmaal," a combination of religious meeting and picnic, to be held on the veldt a dozen miles away.

We bumped and jolted in a wagonette across the veldt, the driver having to avoid ant-heaps and ant-pear holes as well as keep his right direction, and we laughed and chaffed as we went. Over the great waves of brown grassland behind us came two bobbing spots, which grew to be a corporal, one of my men, galloping with a led horse alongside him. A Basuto orderly had come with orders that the troop was to move to the border with all speed. That night we started, taking only what we could carry.

At Utrecht the air seemed to be full of rumours, nerves, and lies. All along the border the farmers and other white men had gone into laager—enclosures of rickety tented wagons, within the central space chickens and children, tents, and cooking-pots in a miserable higgledy-

piggledy. Gokazulu, the chief, or his father, who has been misbehaving now, had seized cattle, claiming the farms on which they grazed as his own; a notorious freebooter who haunted the head-waters of the Pongola had announced that he was at war with everybody who possessed anything worth taking. All Zululand rumbled with the coming storm, and white men and black men allowed their imaginations to run riot in inventing disagreeable stories.

Except the hundred or so mounted infantry, and some Basutos, who were no more than an escort to Sir Theophilus, there were no troops on the Transvaal border of Zululand. Such other troops as there were in the colony were away in the north settling matters with a chief who had gone to ground with his followers in a mountain honeycombed like a rabbit-warren. Natal had only just enough troops to shield its capital and coast, and the rebellion in Cape Colony was not yet stamped out, so there were no troops who could be moved from there. The one man quite unmoved, quite cool, quite confident, was Sir Theophilus Shepstone, one of those rulers of men who rise superior to the greatest difficulties.

"Somptsen," the Zulus called him; he was the father of the nation, and he was saluted with the royal salute of uplifted assagais. Every event of any importance in Zululand was reported to him by Cetewayo, and, though the war was on the point of breaking out, indunas came in to report the matter when some of the Zulu regiments quarrelled and fought. It was an impressive sight, when messengers came in from the Zulu King, to see the quiet, dignified Englishman sitting in the shade outside the door of the mud-walled, zinc-roofed cottage which was for the time Government House, with a half-circle of Zulus before him—splendid savages, untutored noblemen—talking to them in the slow, soft, guttural language of the nation, with its curious tongue-clicks at the commencement of words, his speech receiving from his audience the low, musical grunts which showed appreciation.

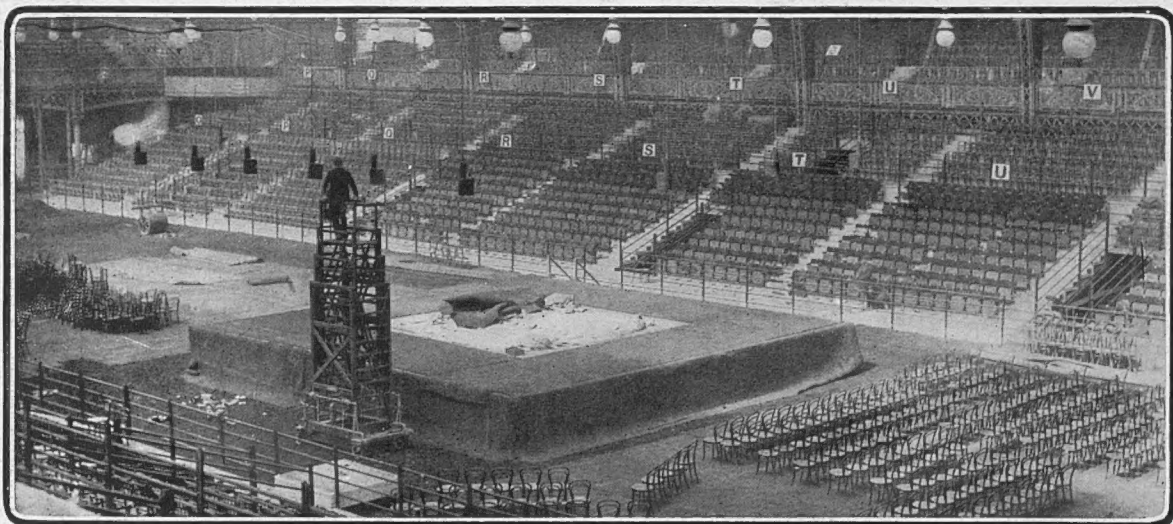
Those parleys of long pauses and soft, sleepy sounds were on one side skill of fence to gain time, and on the other side a desire to bring matters to a climax; and for once it was the black man who wanted definite answers, and the white man who would sooner talk about the weather than boundaries. At last there came a day when a magnificent old Zulu, with grizzled hair and shiny head-ring, brought a message that the King had stopped his ears—the material of which the stopping was made was specified—that he should no longer hear his father; but though all the border knew of the message, and listened for the distant war-song, and looked for the impis swarming like ants over the hills, the skill of the diplomatist even then was able to postpone the evil day. They were exciting days those, almost as exciting as those that were to come.



THE LOSER OF SATURDAY'S WRESTLING MATCH: AHMED MADRALI.

Madrali's attitude on the platform was the antithesis of his opponent's. He looked calm, almost apathetic; and after he had been defeated in the first bout he took his "rest" seated in a corner of the platform.

Photograph by Topical Press.

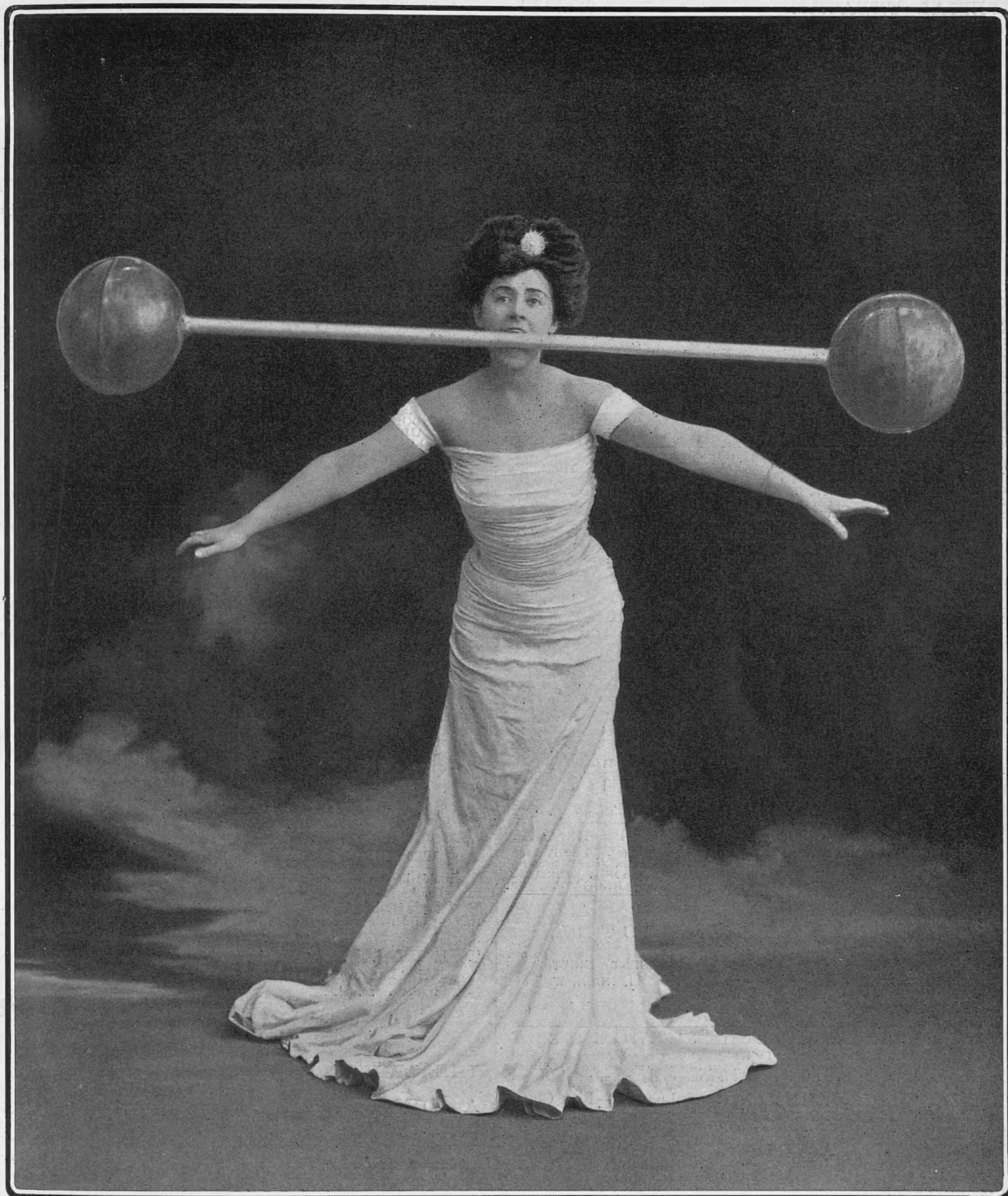


THE RUSSIAN LION v. THE TERRIBLE TURK: THE SCENE OF SATURDAY'S GREAT WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT AND AHMED MADRALI.

Olympia was well patronised, but by no means filled, on Saturday last for the wrestling match between Hackenschmidt and Madrali. The competitors were obviously in perfect condition, but, on the whole, the match was a one-sided affair. Save for a moment or two in the second bout the Turk never looked dangerous. The first fall was won by Hackenschmidt in 1 min. 43 sec., the second in 4 min.

Photograph by Topical Press.

THE SANDOW GIRL ON THE STAGE.



MISS CARRIE MOORE AS PEGGY IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS," AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Carrie Moore's song, "The Sandow Girl," which is given in the appropriate costume seen above, is one of the features of "The Dairymaids." It may be mentioned that Miss Moore's weight-lifting abilities are not shown on the stage—there the photographer has the better of the playgoer.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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RED HILL	10.43	CANTERBURY SOUTH	11.52
EDENBRIDGE	11.12		11.50
PENSHURST	11.21	DOVER TOWN	12.20
TONBRIDGE	11.30		12.0
CHATHAM (M.L.)	10.55	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	2.15
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MAIDSTONE WEST	11.30		2.17
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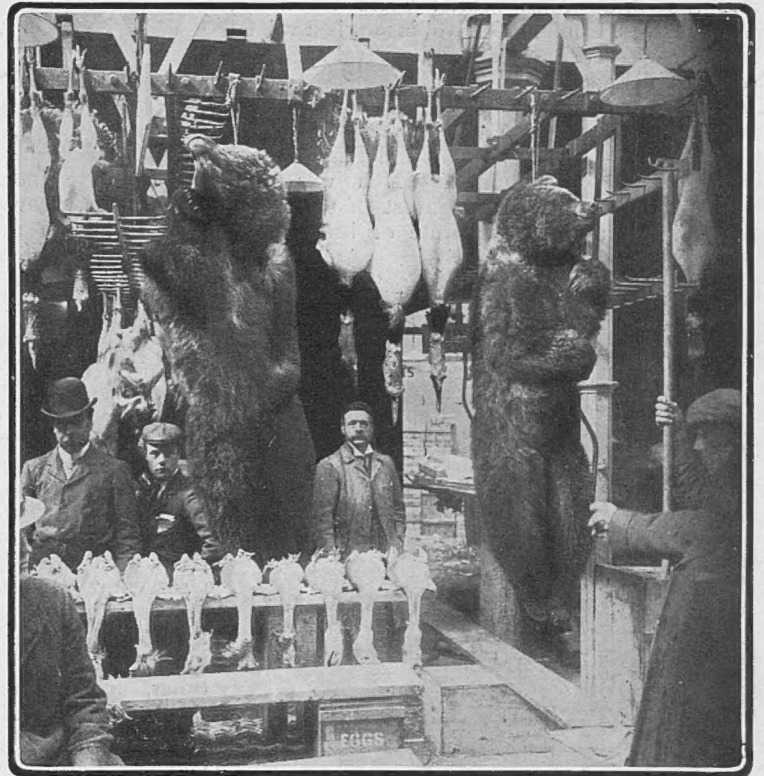
SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen's holiday is drawing to a close, and those who had the good fortune to be present at the Olympic Games last week noted that their Majesties both seemed to have benefited by their sojourn on the royal yacht. The King of Greece is known to be Queen Alexandra's favourite brother, nearest to her in age, and more like her in looks than any other member of her family. Of the many visits paid by her Majesty

to Athens, none has compared in interest with that which has just taken place, for the games were made the occasion by the enthusiastic populace of a great ovation offered to the King and Queen of England, whose long and enduring friendship for Greece is well known. At Naples their Majesties were entertained by the Duchess of Aosta, still better known in this country by her maiden name of Princess Hélène of Orleans, and by other great Italian royal and noble personages.

A Future King? The birth of a son to Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden promises the twentieth century yet another Sovereign of semi-British parentage. King Oscar's great-grandchild has a most interesting ancestry. Through his father he is descended from the humble notary at Pau who gave birth

to the great Bernadotte, while through his mother he is, of course, the heir of all the ages—of the long line of British Kings, of whom one among his immediate forebears was regarded by Napoleon and his lieutenant, Bernadotte, as one of the greatest enemies of the human race and incidentally of France. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will take rank among the youngest-looking grandparents in the United Kingdom. They are



BRUIN AS FOOD FOR THE CITY LUNCHEON: BEARS HANGING IN SMITHFIELD MARKET.

The bodies of several bears were recently shipped to this country in order that Londoners might have an opportunity of tasting bear-flesh. One of the carcasses was hung outside a Fetter Lane restaurant with a placard intimating that on a certain day it would be cooked and sold at 5d. a portion.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.

looking forward to welcoming their married daughter and their grandchild in England towards the end of June. The future King will thus begin his travels very early in life.

The Royal Courtship.

The royal courtship will be long remembered in the Isle of Wight, and the boy King Alfonso has won a very warm place in the hearts of the islanders. Unlike most Sovereigns, Princess Ena's fiancé has no dislike of publicity. He takes all the world into his joyous confidence, and at this momentous if delightful period of his life his Majesty is full of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. The motor is, in this case, the chariot of love, and there is scarce a lane in "the Island" the royal lovers have not negotiated in one of Princess Henry of Battenberg's comfortable cars, while the King also brought his own favourite 'mobile. One day last week the happy pair took what the King is said to have described as a "tête-à-tête dogcart ride." More serious were the state (and stately) calls paid by the young couple, accompanied by Princess Henry, on such old and valued friends of the Royal Family as Lord and Lady Tennyson. Small wonder that his Majesty prolonged his visit into this week, and that he half-promised to come back within the next few months as "Benedick the married man"!

"Pollice Verso." There can be no doubt about the elevating influence of art on the British working man. Thus, at a certain gallery, where is hung a gigantic picture entitled "Pollice Verso," and representing a scene in the Roman amphitheatre at the moment when the spectators, with downturned thumbs, have condemned a defeated gladiator to death, a horny-handed one was overheard saying to his mate, "Oh, I sye, Bill, the hignerance of these coves, a spellin' of the perlice wif two hells!"



MAXIM GORKY, MME. ANDREIEVA, AND GORKY'S ADOPTED SON, NICOLAI PIESHKOFF.

It will be remembered that when Maxim Gorky arrived in America it was understood that the lady accompanying him was his wife, and a number of photographs of Gorky and Mme. Andreieva have reached this country with the description "Maxim Gorky and Mme. Gorky." Gorky's real name is Alexis Maximoff Pieshkoff. His adopted son was one of the first to greet him on his arrival in New York.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A New Peeress. Since last week a charming new Peeress has been added to twentieth-century matrons, for on Tuesday, April 24, took place the marriage of Lord de Vesci and Miss Georgiana Victoria Wellesley. Young Lady Vesci, who shares her name with two dowagers, was a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, and her father is, of course, a connection of the Duke of Wellington. Lord de Vesci, who is in the Irish Guards, is devoted to his beautiful Irish seat, Abbeylix, and it is there that he and his bride will take up their residence after a short honeymoon spent at stately Longleat, which has been lent to them by Lord and Lady Bath.

Another April Wedding. Journalistic, naval, and political folk were much interested in one of the April weddings celebrated last week, for the bridegroom was Mr. F. Cargill Faithfull Begg and the bride Miss Muriel Clare Robinson, whose father, Commander Robinson, is a valued member of the *Times* staff and a naval specialist of great distinction.

Lady Helen Grosvenor. The marriage of Lord Hugh Grosvenor and Lady Mabel Crichton, which was expected to have been perhaps the smartest and gayest of early Spring weddings, proved the quietest and most private of bridal ceremonies owing to the serious illness of the bridegroom's young sister, Lady Helen Grosvenor. Lady Helen became ill, as so many people now seem to do, after she had apparently recovered from influenza, and for some days she hovered between life and death. Grosvenor House was the centre of numberless inquiries, royal and other, for the invalid is deservedly popular, and is connected with the whole of the great London world. Lady Helen Frances Grosvenor, to give



MR. F. CARGILL FAITHFULL BEGG, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS CELEBRATED LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.

her her full name, though she is known in her own circle as Lady Nellie Grosvenor, is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster. She is just eighteen, and is one of the most important of this year's debutantes. It will be remembered that her sister, now Lady Mary Crichton, the wife of Lord Erne's eldest son, had a very serious illness last year. Lady Helen is much beloved by her many sisters and brothers, and her terrible illness has cast a gloom over a large section of Society.

The Duke's One Vanity. Among the portraits which we are to see on Monday at the Royal Academy there will be some which could tell stories; some with little touches to reveal the idiosyncrasies of subjects no less than of painters. Is the story of Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington commonly known? The Duke had only one vanity—his wrist was like steel. Now, when he was given the Sword of State to carry, it was his infinite delight that he was able to carry it upright; all his predecessors had had to slope it towards the shoulder. He would go down to posterity, he resolved, glorified by the power of his wrist. In vain Sir Thomas Lawrence pointed out that, as a matter of art, it would never do; that the sight of a man perennially carrying a sword from his wrist would fatigue those who looked at the picture. The Duke insisted upon having his way. Lawrence did manage to smuggle in a cushion upon which the Duke seems to rest his elbow, but close examination shows that arm and cushion do not meet.



A NEW PEERESS: LADY DE VESCI.

Photograph by Beresford.

of such varied gifts and achievements as very nearly to approximate to Mr. John Morley's ideal of the man at once of action and letters. Among his many thrilling adventures has been one in which he prevented the perpetration of a murder which would have been no murder. He brought home with him from West Africa a great chimpanzee, which behaved with exemplary propriety until Madeira was reached. There, among the new passengers taken aboard, was a fine baby, to whom the chimpanzee took a deep-rooted dislike. One day Sir Harry missed his simian friend, and, hurrying up on deck, saw the creature seize the child from its cradle, and prepare to throw it into the sea. A word from its master saved the situation. It gently deposited the infant on the deck and scuttled into hiding.



LADY HELEN GROSVENOR, WHO HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photograph by Langflier.

"Wilted Lampshades." It is high time that Britain's young womanhood arose in their might—not, be it understood, behind the Grille—and that Miss Frances Rockefeller King, of America, had the privilege of hearing something drop. For this lady is actually coming to London to teach the maidenhood of Great Britain how to look as smart and as sweet as the American "summer girl." Claridge's—erstwhile the rendezvous of Dr. Reich's fair disciples in the Platonic philosophy—is to be the scene of these lectures on "What to Wear and How to Wear it." Miss King declares that English girls look like "wilted lampshades" on a warm day, and they lean too much to flowered hats and laces, ruffles, and "all that sort of easily mussed-up thing." It does not seem to have occurred to Miss King that everything depends on the occasion; or does she suppose that English ladies hunt and shoot in chiffons? No nation is more patient of foreign criticism than we are, but really there are limits. Wilted lampshades, indeed! What about diamonds by daylight?

A Murderous Ape. Sir Harry Johnstone, who lectures this evening on Liberia before the African Society, is a man of such varied gifts and achievements as very nearly to approximate to Mr. John Morley's ideal of the man at once of action and letters. Among his many thrilling adventures has been one in which he

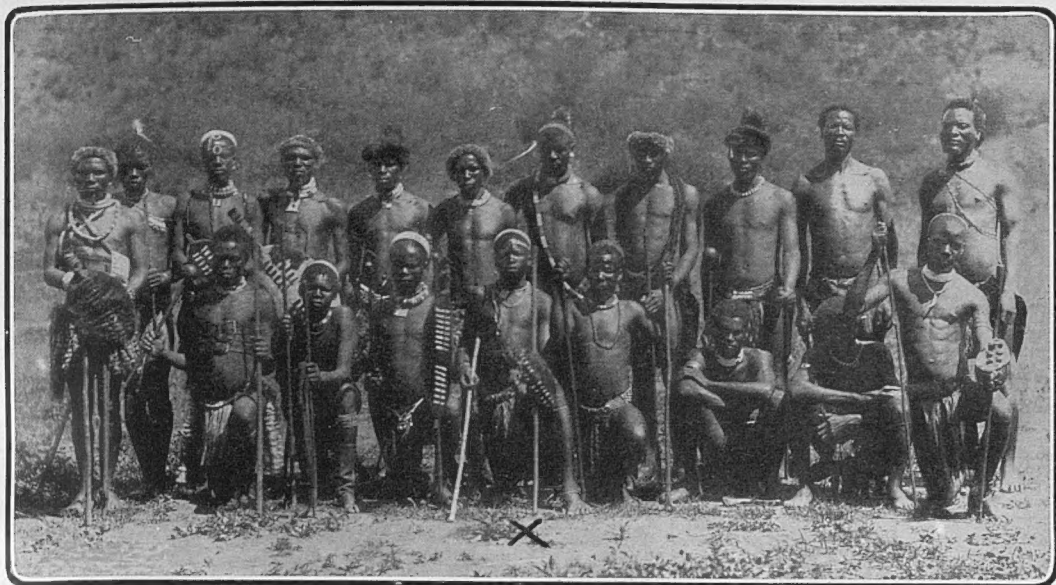


MRS. CARGILL FAITHFULL BEGG, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS CELEBRATED LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Heaviest Helmet. According to a German military paper the English soldier wears the heaviest helmet in the world, for his headgear weighs no less than eighteen ounces, while that of the Prussian infantryman is only a trifle over fourteen ounces, and that of the Italian just under twelve. The forage-caps of both France and Russia weigh less than eight ounces, while that of Japan is the lightest of all, as it turns the scale at a little over four ounces.

Dead Man's Testimony. The Medical Congress at Lisbon has provided food for thought, and we are to hear more, in England, of the subjects discussed. We seem to be carried a little farther along the road towards the cure of cancer, consumption, and diabetes. But perhaps we shall find our remedy, after all, in simpler manner than the savants think. When Edward Henry Palmer, the Orientalist, lay dying of consumption, he hearkened to the voice of a herbalist, took the terrific dose of lobelia prescribed, and—stretched himself out to die. The doctor, keeping a finger on the sick man's pulse, presently let the hand drop. "He is dead," he said. But Palmer lived to assure us "the act of dying is nothing. I have been 'dead,' and ought to know." When he arose from his sick-bed he was virtually cured of consumption.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S COLLABORATOR: THE ZULU WARRIOR (X) WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE TOLD THE FAMOUS NOVELIST THE STORY OF "NADA THE LILY."

A Zulu Warrior as Mr. Rider Haggard's Collaborator.

It is not often that a Zulu fighting-man can claim to have collaborated with an English novelist; yet it is the boast of Signanda the warrior that it was he who told the author of "She," "the white man who was always writing," the story of "Nada the Lily," which, it may be recalled, was originally published in the *Illustrated London News*. He remembers also, he says, the underground river of which Mr. Haggard has written. Now he is, apparently, adding to his exploits by assisting the wily Bambaata with food and information.

Irish as a Check to Forgery.

One would almost have thought that every means of defeating the cheque-forgery had been tested—patent ink, special paper, tricks of printing—yet another method has cropped up, a method that will delight the heart of Mr. John Redmond and party and rejoice all who believe in "Ireland for the Irish." To be brief, one Patrick O'Donnell has taken to signing his cheques in Erse, and, better still, the banks in the Emerald Isle are welcoming cheques so signed, "because of the protection against forgery offered to depositors by the signature."

A Studio in a Fiacre.

The vagaries of artists are many—the artistic temperament has much to answer for—but it is not usual, to say the least of it, for a painter to have a studio in a fiacre. Therefore, an elderly German lady may be said to have set up a new record. She has been one of the sights of Berlin lately, driving up and down Unter den Linden and busily painting a panorama of the famous street. So much attention did she attract that the police had some difficulty in dispersing the crowd "drawn" by the unusual spectacle.

The Chancellor's Offence.

What name will Monday's Budget confer upon Mr. Asquith? Budgets give men styles that stick. Robert Lowe is still remembered as the Chancellor who wished to tax matches, and who aggravated his offence by a classical pun—

"Ex luce lucellum" we all of us know; But if Lucy won't sell 'em, what then, Mr. Lowe?

Mr. Gladstone's name remains anathema in a certain district in Westmorland because of the imposition of a stamp-duty on contract notes. Whether the tax itself was right or wrong does not matter. The point was that it adversely affected an individual. "Sir," said an aged distributor of stamps in the county to his

superior, "Sir, my old head is worn out. I must resign. Mr. Gladstone, Sir, is imposing of things I can't understand." And Mr. Gladstone went to his tomb in the Abbey unforgiven.

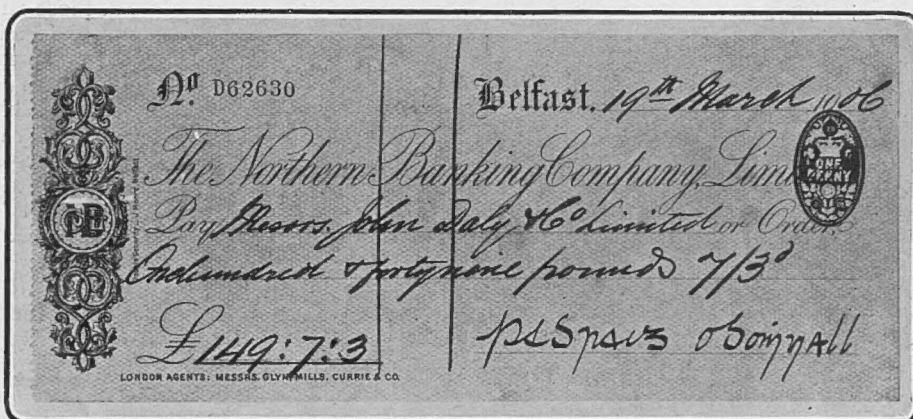
A Crater on the Stage.

People are so nervous after San Francisco and Vesuvius that the least oscillation puts them into a painful panic. There was proof of it the other day in Paris. It was in the region of the Odéon, where, as every tourist knows, there is a covered way round the theatre, such as exists at Chester in the Rows. In this gallery are gathered a number of booksellers, who expose their wares for the delectation of the youth of the neighbourhood. On this particular occasion there was great perturbation. In the near distance was heard the roll of thunder—sure precursor, the people said, of an earthquake. The books fell from their shelves in a terrible avalanche; the ancient theatre seemed to rock upon its foundations; horses reared in the street; an old lady fainted clean away. Yet it was no seismic disturbance: it was merely Mounet Sully, the Irving of the French stage, rehearsing a new rôle on the stage of the theatre. M. Mounet Sully belongs, properly, to the Comédie Française, but he has been lent to the Odéon, the second State theatre, in order that he may play "La Vieillesse de Don Juan," which he not only proposes to act, but has written as well. But when this elderly Don Juan begins to speak his seventeen hundred verses in his resonant voice, it is no wonder the "Quarter" thinks there is an earthquake.

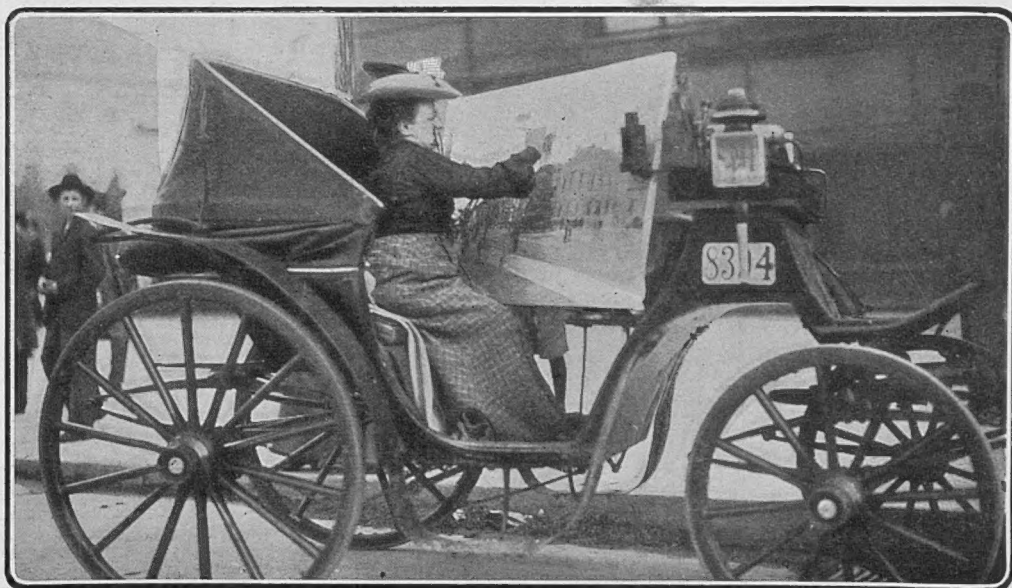
Black Hats and White Hats.

When the taximeter cabs were introduced into the streets of Berlin the police ordered the drivers to wear shiny white hats instead of the black hats worn by the drivers of the old-fashioned cabs. These white hats were a source of constant chaff on the part of the other cabbies, so the drivers of the taximeter cabs petitioned to be allowed to wear the black

hat like the rest. But while the police were thinking the matter over officially the taximeter was introduced into every cab in Berlin, and since the 1st of April all the cabmen have worn the white hat. The police have now decided that the drivers of taximeter cabs may wear black hats like the other cabmen; but the need for the change has now disappeared, as there are no more black hats, and consequently no more chaff. The cabmen are now thinking of petitioning to be allowed to wear the white hats to which they have become accustomed.



IRISH AS A CHECK TO FORGERY: A CHEQUE SIGNED IN IRISH.



A STUDIO IN A FIACRE: A LADY ARTIST AT WORK IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE WEDDING OF "JOHN TANNER" AND "ANN WHITEFIELD": MRS. GRANVILLE BARKER.

Photograph by Bassano.

as have very many others; more than that, he met the young couple in Paris, whither they went *en route* for Frankfort-sur-Maine and the Swiss Tyrol. Miss McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker first met under the banner of Mr. Ben Greet eleven years ago, playing together in Shaksperian and other pieces. They are of an age—both born nine-and-twenty years ago—but Mr. Barker can give his bride four years in length of experience on the stage. He began his theatrical career in 1891; his wife hers, in 1895. Mr. Barker is best known by his work in connection with the Stage Society and the Elizabethan Stage Society, from the fact that he was one of the first actors to be associated with the plays of George Bernard Shaw, by his brilliantly clever play, "The Voysey Inheritance," by his part-authorship of "Prunella," by his admirable and artistic management—in conjunction with Mr. J. E. Vedrenne—of the Court Theatre, and by much most polished and scholarly acting. Mrs. Barker, it will be recalled, was Wilson Barrett's leading lady for some four years, and was the Mercia to his Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross." After that she appeared as, amongst other characters, Zebuda in "The Christian King," at the Adelphi; Lady Fancourt in "Agatha," Henriette in "A Man's Shadow," Loyse in "The Ballad Monger," and Calphurnia in "Julius Cæsar," at His Majesty's; and, more recently, as Nora in "John Bull's Other Island," and Ann in "Man and Superman." According to "The Greenroom Book," Mr. Barker has no recreations, while Mrs. Barker favours walking tours, physical culture, and all outdoor sports. The wedding took place at the registry office in Henrietta Street, Strand.

The Wedding of Lord Mount-Edgumbe.

The Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, who married his cousin, Caroline, widow of Atholl, third Earl of Ravensworth, the other day, is one of the King's most intimate friends, his acquaintance with his Majesty dating from the days when, as Lord Valletort, he was chosen by the Prince Consort as companion to the youthful Prince of Wales while he was studying at the White Lodge, Richmond Park. Since that time the Earl has held numerous Court appointments, including those of Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward of the Royal Household.

Miss Lillah McCarthy's Marriage to Mr. Granville Barker.

If Mr. Bernard Shaw was not the first person to congratulate Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker upon their marriage he certainly ought to have been; did not Mr. Barker create John Tanner on the stage, and Miss McCarthy, Ann Whitefield? Anyway, it may be taken as granted that G. B. S. (Superpunch, as Mr. Barrie had him in his rather unkind "Punch") did offer suitable felicitations,

He has been a widower for over thirty years. The scene of his wedding to the Countess of Ravensworth, Cothele, is almost as it was when the seventh Henry was on the throne, and the chapel in which the marriage was solemnised commemorates Sir Richard Edgumbe's escape from the King's men in the reign of Richard III., who suspected him of dangerous friendship with Richmond.

Paris Postmen's Strike.

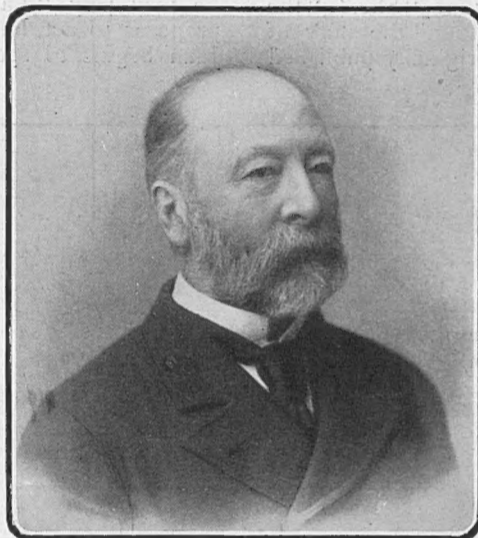
The strike of the Paris postmen is over. It may be a moral victory, as the organisers of it allege, but in a material sense it has left three hundred dead men on the floor, this being the number dismissed by M. Barthou, the Minister of the Department. Nevertheless, it contributed, in its way,



THE WEDDING OF "JOHN TANNER" AND "ANN WHITEFIELD": MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

to the gaiety of Paris. Tommy Atkins, whether French or English, is a gay soul, and to see him doing postal work—carrying round the circulars and journals and flirting with Mademoiselle the daughter of the concierge—did the heart good. Sometimes, by one of those strange dispensations of Government, one saw a diminutive telegraph-boy being conducted along the street by a diminutive Tommy, brave with rifle and bayonet. What would have happened if a rude little boy had put his finger to his nose to show his contempt for the telegraphist who would not strike? Would the little soldier have speared him, or would the convoy have been protected *manu militari* whilst he boxed the offender's ears? Some prosaic persons would have thought that as the tiny soldier had to protect the tiny telegraphist, the tiny soldier might have carried the message. The telegraphist might have done something else. *N'est-ce pas?* But then, you are not a French Government functionary, you see.



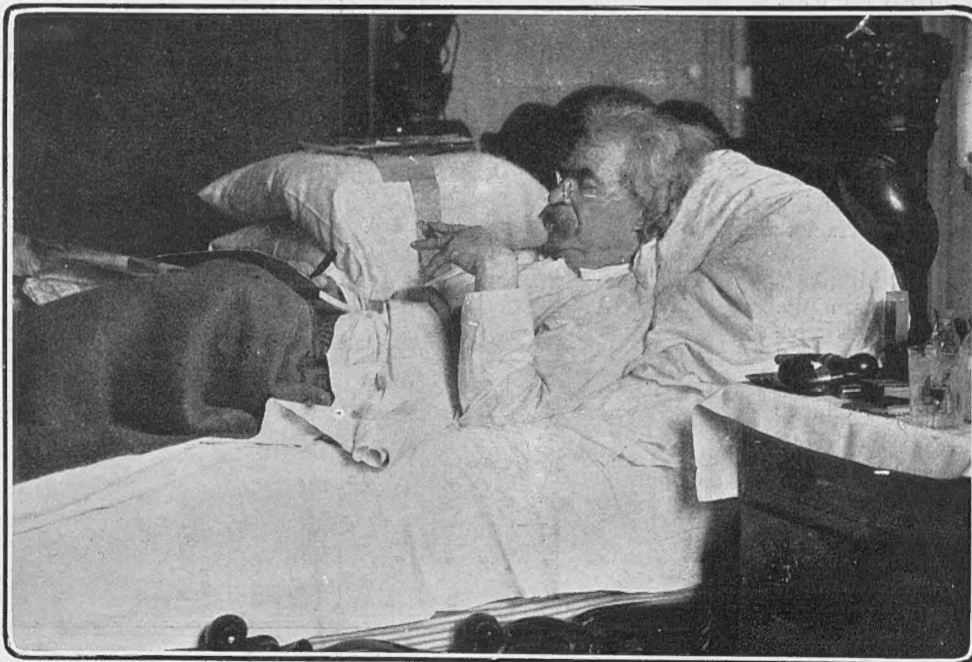
THE EARL OF MOUNT-EDGUMBE, WHO RECENTLY MARRIED CAROLINE, WIDOW OF ATHOLL, THIRD EARL OF RAVENSWORTH.

Photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

Mark Twain and the Lethal Couch.

Mark Twain is running horrible risks. From statistics which cannot lie he has, with characteristic solemnity, warned the world that the most fatal place on earth is bed. In no other place beneath the skies do so many people die as in bed. Yet he himself not only goes to bed, he remains there. Thither he takes his cigar, his pipes, and his pen, and upon the lethal couch industriously

evolves and burnishes impromptus. This is indeed flying in the face of providence. But Mark is by this time reckless even to inconsistency. Three years before completing his seventieth year he called for his obituaries. "Never mind the facts," he said; "it is the verdicts I want to put right. It is my desire that such journals and periodicals as have obituaries of me lying in their pigeon-holes, with a view to sudden use some day, will not wait longer, but will publish them now, and kindly send me a marked copy." They must have done so, for now he no longer cares, but does much of his work in the very place against which he has warned the rest of humanity—bed.



WHO WOULD NOT BE A PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST? MR. MARK TWAIN AT WORK.

Photograph by H. C. White Co.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS AS THE HEROINE OF A STAGE PLAY:

"THE BOND OF NINON," AT THE SAVOY.



Ninon de l'Enclos (Miss Lena Ashwell).

Louis XIV. (Mr. H. V. Esmond).

M. DIEUDONNÉ (LOUIS XIV.) IS FASCINATED BY NINON, AND PROMISES TO AID HER FRIEND, MME. SCARRON.



Ninon de l'Enclos (Miss Lena Ashwell).

Chevalier de Bellorme (Mr. Henry Ainley).

NINON SIGNS A BOND PROMISING TO LOVE NO ONE BUT THE BEARER.

Ninon de l'Enclos signs a bond promising to love no one but its bearer, and gives it to her lover, the Chevalier de Bellorme, who promises to guard it with his life. Needless to say, he has many opportunities of doing this; but so strenuous a gentleman is he that he contrives to retain it after fighting the Abbé Gedeine, a Captain of the King's Musketeers, a Lieutenant of the King's Musketeers, a Colonel of the King's Dragoons, and Louis XIV. himself, and after having escaped from bondage by setting fire to his prison. In the end, Louis pardons his escapades, restores to him the family title and estates, and appoints him to his bodyguard.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



By E. A. B.

Academy Criticism. Friday is "private view" day at the Royal Academy, which opens its doors to the public on Monday. The private view is a boon and a blessing for more reasons than one. Even assisted by this mild concession, the critics have none too much leisure. There is on record a classic example of what may happen in the rush of a private view. The subject of criticism was a fine little picture by Landseer representing the attack of a stoat upon a hare. One of the critiques thus discussed the work: "In Mr. Landseer's picture of a rabbit attacked by a weasel, it appears to us that the rabbit is more like a hare, and the weasel has none of the characteristics of that species of vermin, for it is more like a stoat." There is a first-class weasel on canvas, but it is Millais'. He caught it asleep, and they watched each other when it woke; and he painted it.

Preserved Lightning.

Everybody is collecting earthquake data, from the hills and valleys and from the waters under the earth. Soon the seismograph will rival the attractions of bridge; every man will have one in his cellar, and invite his guests to back their fancies in regard to the advent of shocks and the place of origin. In a serious way more wonderful things are done. A visitor dropping in upon Lord Kelvin found him manipulating a number of metal cylinders, each about the size of a fruit-tin. In each was a captive thunderbolt. Franklin put the lightning into a bottle; Lord Kelvin had got it under lock and key, inside a number of tin cans. While he thus detained it, a friend mentioned to him the case of a child who was suffering from a tumour on the tongue, which he feared to remove by the knife lest the loss of blood should be too serious. Lord Kelvin, who had been experimenting as to the heat of his preserved lightnings, had the child brought in, and, with one touch of his wires at white heat, successfully removed the tumour without injury to the child. Was the lightning ever tamed for better purpose?

Lords and Princes. The Marylebone Cricket Club, which holds its annual meeting and dinner to-day, has its headquarters, as all the world knows, at Lord's. Many people imagine that the name of the ground has some relation to the Peerage. Such is not the case. It takes its style from Thomas Lord, who created the first "Lord's." He was a waiter at the old White Conduit Club ground, and was induced by the Earl of Winchilsea and Sir Horace Mann to start the club which has since become the M.C.C. A higher-sounding name was that of the old Princes' Ground. That had nothing to do with the Royal Family, although members of the royal house were often to be seen within the enclosure. The brothers Prince bought a market-garden and turned it into a site for cricket, tennis, and roller-skating.

Primrose Paths.

Mr. Balfour is the principal speaker at the Primrose League demonstration this evening. Had he addressed the earliest general meeting he would have had only men for his auditors, for the League, when first established, restricted membership to the stern sex. The story of the formation of the League is old, but whether or not Disraeli really cared for the primrose is still a debatable question. The idea seems to have originated from the phrase accompanying the royal wreath sent to his funeral: "His favourite flower." But it has been said that the "his" here really referred to the Prince Consort. Be that as it may, the dictum stands to Dizzy's account that making a salad is all the primrose is good for. As against this, there is his saying to Lord Rowton: "I like to be in the country when the primroses are out."

King Crusoe.

Lundy Island, which is to come into the market, is the ideal place for one who is content to live alone, with rabbits in his grounds, sea-fowl over his head, and, in

certain seasons, seals about his coast. Aubrey de Vere's grandfather once owned it, and was lord and pope of a little Irish colony which he planted. The colony does not form part of the property. There is another island in the Bristol Channel which enjoys immunity from the laws of the mainland. This is Steep Holme. An eccentric owner, lacking other company, used to keep a bear upon the island. This creature, resenting the intrusion of a party of excursionists, badly mauled one of the trespassers. An action for damages was successfully brought. To get a verdict



A PIGEON RANCH ON A FARM AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Our photograph shows one of the five or six "barracks" belonging to a farm where pigeons are bred for the market. The birds number about 20,000.—[Photograph by C. C. Pierce and Co.]

was one thing; to enforce it quite another. Steep Holme belongs to no county, and no officer of the law had any jurisdiction over it.

Extraordinarily Natural.

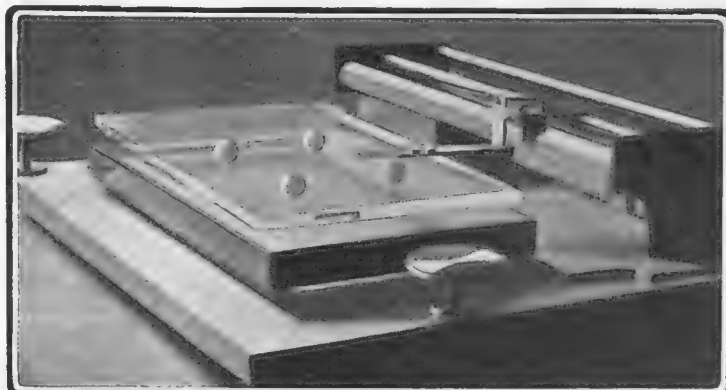
Had the two Irish soldiers who were drummed out of their regiment the other day for having run away and left a comrade fatally hurt upon a railway been Scotsmen, they would probably have made out a plausible defence. That, at any rate, is the inference from a case on record. Two men were on guard at Gibraltar. One fell down a precipice and was killed; the other, going off duty, reported that nothing extraordinary had occurred. Next morning, he was called before his superior. "You say in your report, 'Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting,'" complained the officer, "yet your companion fell four hundred feet down a precipice and was killed. What do you mean by such a statement?" Quite calmly, the man answered, "Weel, Sir, I dinna see onything extraordinary in that. If he'd faun doon a precipice four hundred feet high and no been killed, I would hae thoct that extraordinary and pit it doon in my report."

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



A BRIDGE THAT IS A BARRIER BETWEEN JEW AND GENTILE:
GRAVEL LANE BRIDGE, LONDON DOCK.

There is an unwritten law that Jews shall not live in Wapping, more especially in that part of it which the docks and entrances have turned into an island. Only on the northern side of old Gravel Lane Bridge, which is now in course of demolition, may the Jews dwell. The bridge, it may be remembered, was mentioned by Dickens.



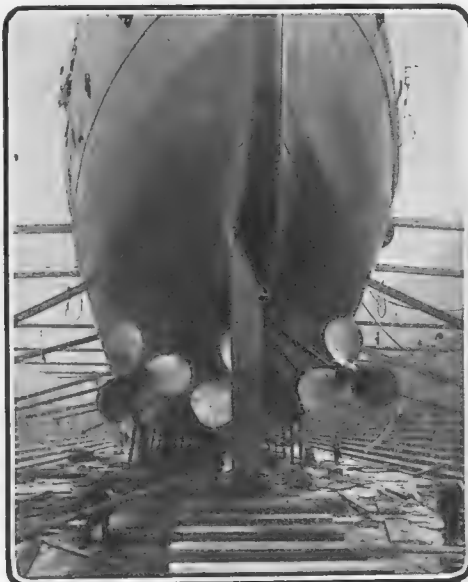
AN INSTRUMENT WHICH REGISTERS THE OSCILLATIONS
OF LIGHTHOUSES.

The oscillations of lighthouses, which interfere with the working of the light, are being seriously considered, and the apparatus here shown is installed at the top of the tower to register them. The slightest movement of the lighthouse is recorded on a smoked-glass plate, by means of a pencil carried in a slide driven by clockwork over the plate.



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS WON AN ACTION
AGAINST HER LANDLORD FOR MAKING IT
IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO LOOK AT HERSELF
IN A MIRROR; Mlle. DEMONGEY.

Mlle. Demongey recently rented a flat in the Rue Lalo, but found, when she entered into possession, that it had no telephone and that no mirror had been fixed. She thereupon sued her landlord, who was ordered to pay 100 francs compensation for "deprivation of enjoyments."



A WAR-VESSEL WITH THREE PROPELLERS:
H.M. TURBINE-CRUISER "AMETHYST."

Fortunately for the security of the nation, the British Admiralty is by no means averse from making experiments in war-ship construction, as well as in war-ship equipment. Guided by its expert advisers, it decided to test the value of vessels with three propellers, and for this end had the turbine-cruiser "Amethyst" so fitted. The result, it is said, has not been altogether satisfactory.



A PRINCESS WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN
ARRESTED FOR BRAWLING IN A SHOP:
PRINCESS ELVIRA, DAUGHTER OF THE
SPANISH PRETENDER.

A recent telegram from Florence stated that Princess Elvira, a daughter of Don Carlos, the Pretender to the Spanish throne, had been arrested as the result of a brawl in a shop. It is reported that the Princess complained about the price charged for repairing some of her furs, and that the difference of opinion led to a scuffle.



BOTTLES INTENDED TO PREVENT ACCIDENTAL POISONING—SHOWN
AT THE RECENT CHEMISTS' EXHIBITION.

One of the most interesting shows at the recent Chemists' Exhibition were a number of bottles intended to prevent accidental poisoning by the taking up of a wrong bottle in the dark. Our illustration shows a bottle fitted with a lock and key; one arranged with a cup-like top to distinguish it from the ordinary bottle; and a bottle which will not stand up, having, as the Irishman said of a soda-water bottle, "no bottom."



A VILLAGE OF CORRUGATED IRON: DWELLINGS FOR WORKMEN
ON THE NOTTINGHAM RESERVOIR.

The village of corrugated iron here illustrated has been built for the benefit of those men who are working on the great Nottingham Reservoir at Bamford. Before the men are allowed to live in it they must pass seven days in the "doss-house" in the valley for medical examination—doubtless a wise precaution, and one that might well be followed in many cases by big contractors.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL—"THE BEZSEMEHOVS"—"PRUNELLA"—
"THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."

PERHAPS the most important affair of the week has been the "Shakspeare Birth-week Festival" at His Majesty's, which Mr. Tree intends to treat as an annual affair. Without forgetting the fine labours of Mr. Benson and his company, one may well express surprise and admiration at the six revivals during the week, revivals so happily chosen as to represent almost every aspect of the dramatist's work, and also to give a chance of distinction to many members of Mr. Tree's excellent company. One feels curious as to the amount of support given to such a worthy enterprise by a public which complains so often that Shakspeare is neglected. Space far beyond my control would be needed for anything like comment on the productions or performances, and it may be added that in most instances the work of the player is already known. There may have been nothing of startling novelty, but all have shown intelligence and enthusiasm, and whilst admitting that there are grave questions of theory for discussion, one may say that the most ardent admirer of the poet-dramatist must have a feeling of gratitude to the manager of the handsome playhouse.

It is to be feared that the plucky enterprise of Mr. Philip Carr and the Mermaid Society in producing for matinees Gorky's play, "The Bezsemenovs," has not been very well rewarded. The piece certainly was worth presenting. It shows a clearer sense of the theatre than did "The Lower Depths," and yet no sacrifice of energy and apparent truth. I am forced to say "apparent" in speaking of a play dealing with a Russian house-painter who takes in lodgers; one cannot allege that the picture is true or lifelike, merely that it seems true and like life. It is interesting in its vivid picture of the unhappy people now in such a terrific state of upheaval, a picture that shows to what a large extent the pathetic fatalism of the average Russian prevents success in the struggle for freedom. The dramatist who has just shocked New York's exquisite sense of purity by contracting an alliance unhallowed by the marriage laws of a country so intensely zealous concerning the sanctity of the wedding tie, exhibits in his play a curious impartiality and fairness. Whether his remarkable gifts will ever enable or permit him to bring his work within the range of our theatre's theories one cannot tell; but the connoisseur to whom originality appeals will always be keenly interested in a Gorky play. The Society's performance was quite remarkably good. Mr. M. Sherbrooke, who is making a reputation quickly, and Mr. Caleb Porter delighted the house by clever studies of character. Miss Edyth Olive acted admirably, Mrs. Theodore Wright had but too little to do, and the rest of the company, despite a tendency to exaggeration, played this strange, interesting work with noteworthy skill and sincerity.

"Prunella" has many enthusiastic admirers, and those who have been overdone during the last fortnight with musical comedy welcomed the fanciful, poetic story of Messrs. Housman and Barker, and the dainty, vague music of Mr. Moorat, as a delicious relief from the boisterous pleasures of the amorphous medleys now deluging the playhouses. Some people thought the Pierrot of the

author a little hard, and may prefer that of Mr. Graham Browne, who now replaces him and plays cleverly. It may be suggested that Miss Dorothy Minto is more charmingly naïve in the earlier scenes than her predecessor, but has less power of showing the pathos of the latter passages. There are other changes, some for better, others for worse, but, on the whole, the charm of the piece is unabated, and its originality is more manifest on the second than on the first hearing.

At a moment when there are nine musical comedies running in the West-End theatres, one is keenly anxious for the triumph of a legitimate enterprise, and everyone hopes that Mr. Sutro's new play will be successful. Therefore, I may hint sympathetically that it is dangerous to treat so slight a subject as that of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" in four acts unless one has a mass of incidental matter which, even if barely relevant, may be amusing. Mr. Sutro is severely relevant—he can boast honestly that none of his work is

impertinent to the theme, and the result is a play which seems long considering its actual length. I fancy the public would be more enthusiastic if it were handled more farcically, and ended with the third act. Indeed, the fourth is rather chilling, and the device of causing Lady Clarice Howland to marry the Colonel strikes one as a little bit cheap, and too conventional. However, let us look at the other side—for, of course, the defect of length is easily cured—one has a witty



"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION," AT THE COURT; LADY CECILY WAYNFLETE MEETING THE SIDI EL ASSIF.
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield. (See page 8 of Supplement.)

play—and after visiting the musical comedies it is very refreshing to hear witty lines; and the third act has an excellent and novel situation. The lady-killer thinks he has compromised the pretty widow, and that she will have to marry him. Poor Lady Clarice Howland is fifty miles from anywhere; even telephone and telegraph office are unavailable, the motor-car is at a standstill, and her companion is the notorious Mr. Vanderveldt, popular with the Divorce Court Bar. What is she to do? With amazing, perhaps incredible, impudence the modern Don Juan tells her she has been tricked, and even that the motor-car has not broken down, but that he has merely removed the sparking-plug, which he foolishly gives her. She does not know how to drive, but the parson does—so the scoundrel is got out of the way for a moment, and her ladyship bolts off on the car with the clerical chauffeur. Very neat and amusing—farce, rather than comedy. No doubt the play would be prettier if the fascinating Mr. V. were a passionate young sensualist instead of an elderly woman-hunter, but Mr. Bouchier carries out his concept of the character with very great skill. Miss Violet Vanbrugh has one of the triumphs of her career as the humorous widow, who ultimately marries the dull Colonel: his part was admirably rendered by Mr. Aubrey Smith. Miss Muriel Beaumont plays prettily, and there are clever little sketches of character, hardly more than thumbnail sketches, by Messrs. O. B. Clarence and Trollope, and Miss Henrietta Watson. Perhaps the first-nighters were barely enthusiastic, but brisker acting and the blue pencil can mitigate the cause of their discontent.

DOROTHY VERNON AS MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

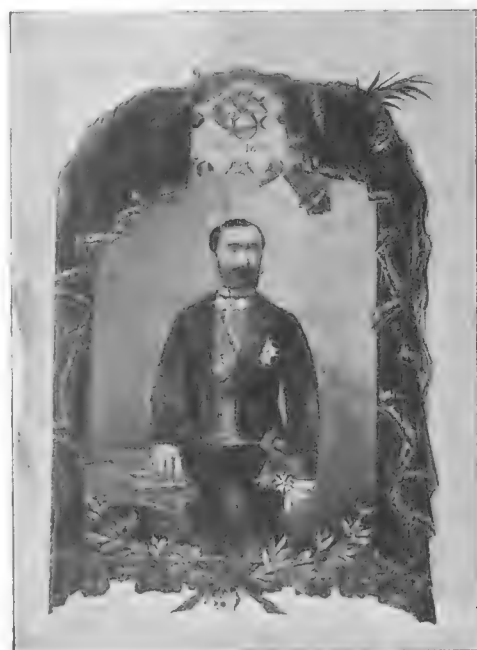
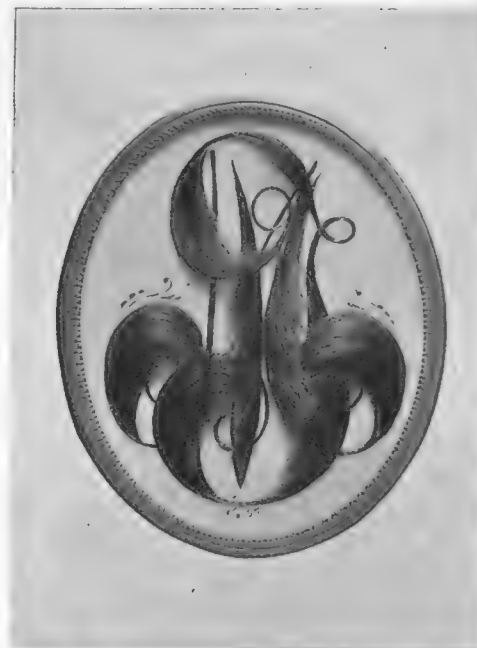
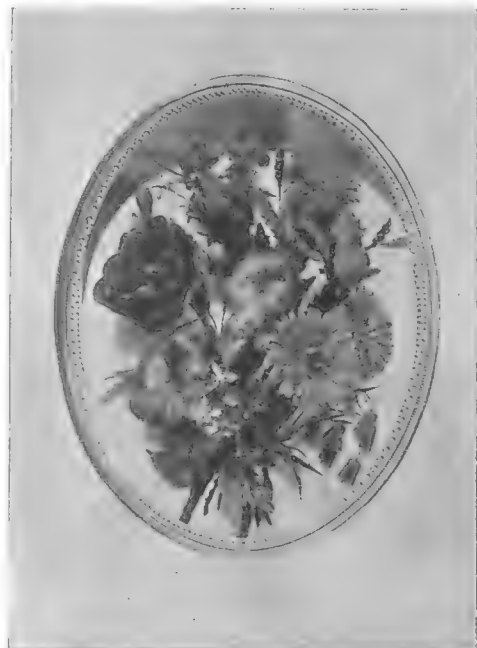


MISS JULIA NEILSON AS "DOROTHY O' THE HALL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

In the course of "Dorothy o' the Hall," Dorothy has cause to change places with the Queen of Scots for a while, and succeeds in duping Mary's enemies.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

£500 PICTURES IN HUMAN HAIR.



The pictures and designs here reproduced are all executed in human hair, and certain of the pictures are said to be worth £500 apiece. They are the work of a Parisian artist. In the third example, the background is of hair, the cross is ivory, the figure, gold, the halo, diamonds; in the last example, the background is made of powdered hair of various tints.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

THE PUN PUNGENT

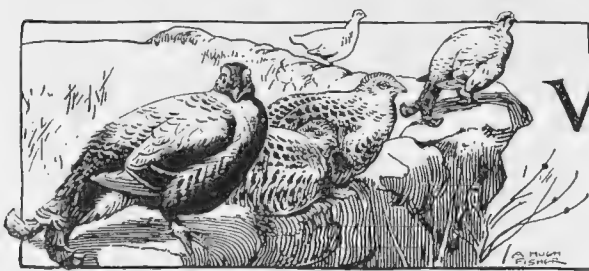


MONTAGUE: Did it ever occur to you, 'Orace, that a motorist is never on the right part of the road?

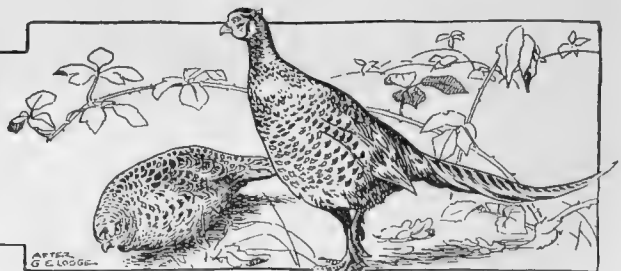
HORACE: You mean, 'e always drives on the left?

MONTAGUE: No; 'e always keeps the scenter of the road!

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Enter the Otter. Now that the fox goes free, and is permitted to attend to domestic duties without fear of the hounds, the otter is face to face with the period of his persecution. I cannot help thinking that he is even more cunning than the fox, more difficult to follow, far more resourceful when the pack is upon him, and, given fair play, more difficult to kill. I have always had the idea that but for the skill of huntsmen or whippers-in the otter would seldom or never be taken, but this belief may be founded upon the fact that I have never seen true otter-hounds at work, and have only been out with fox-hounds, which are so often baffled by the otter's cunning, and do not always know stale scent from fresh. For myself, and I daresay for many whose opportunities of following the otter are far greater than mine, there is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the kill, and I do not hesitate to say that my sympathies are always with the otter rather than with the pack. I know many people who believe that otters are disappearing from this country, but I do not share their belief. The otter is essentially a night-working animal. In all my life I have only twice seen one during the day, and, in addition to pursuing his prey when the rest of the world is asleep, the otter has the advantage of the enormously strong scent and very acute hearing that enable him to become conscious of approaching danger when that danger is a long way off. Many a stream is haunted and hunted by otters whose presence is not suspected by anybody in the neighbourhood; and if a wayfarer who has more than common sight or knowledge can trace the otter's "seal" now and again, he may have the good sense to say nothing about it. There is little reason to doubt that otters may be found in nearly every river that offers them a good supply of fish, plenty of "holts," and the supreme gift of silence. And a stream is not neglected merely because it holds little more than coarse fish; if the otter cannot have salmon or trout, he is quite able to live on pike or perch, roach or dace, bream or barbel.

The Otter's Tastes in Food. It is a mistake to imagine that the otter lives only upon fish. He takes delight in a diet of eels, frogs, moorhens, and coots; in times of stress he is thankful for voles, and even for moles; he is more than suspected of raiding fowl-houses when frost has sealed the rivers; he has even been charged with the crime of killing young lambs. It may be urged that he only commits these latter depredations when very hard

of fish, as he is popularly supposed to do. His presence in some of the best trout-streams and salmon-rivers gives sufficient proof of this, and, where the fish fail, the cause is not to be sought in the otter's depredations. People are fond of persuading themselves that they follow sport for the benefit of farmers or of agriculture. I have



A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT.

This glass-bottomed boat is one of the greatest attractions at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California, where the water is so clear that it is possible to see to a considerable depth. The craft is built with a large, trough-like structure in the centre, and the floor of this is fitted with glass. Seats are arranged round the sides of this opening, so that the passengers have merely to look down to obtain a curious and striking submarine picture. If the conditions are favourable, it is possible to see to a depth of from 80 to 100 feet.

Photograph supplied by E. N. Sanders.

often heard hunting-men express the deepest sympathy with farmers whose poultry has been taken by the fox. I have even heard Reynard's depredations urged as an excuse for "bleeding" hounds at the end of a long run when a good fox has gone to earth. Such arguments are worthless. Foxes are preserved for the sake of hunting-men; the otter, who does less harm than the fox, is almost as much persecuted, but he is more cunning.

With the Otter-Hounds.

Perhaps the great attraction of otter-hunting lies in the surroundings and the season of the year. I believe that if you have the real otter-hounds it is possible to start work at a comparatively reasonable hour, but if fox-hounds are employed many masters hold it as well to start at daybreak, because the hounds cannot follow a light scent. In May and June, when there is hardly any night, it is particularly pleasant to be out before sunrise, when the dew lies very heavily upon the grass and the gathering of sportsmen has something that is almost mysterious about it. The various conventions of costume that prevail lend greatly to the colour of the gathering, and there are few more exciting moments in the sporting life than those that come when hounds have found the line. The uncertainty that is part of otter-hunting continues to the very end, for the most experienced man in the company will be puzzled to say, when hounds first find a "holt," whether or no they are attracted by a stale scent. The ways of the otter are mysterious; he may have left the "holt" an hour ago. In most cases the terriers must investigate the matter. On a stream that he is accustomed to frequent the otter will have a dozen homes, and he possesses the measure of cunning that teaches him to double on his own tracks. Many a time the pack will follow a red-hot scent at the top of their speed and pass some "holt" to which the otter has doubled back. Perhaps some straggler who has not been able to keep up the pace, and is resigned to being away from the end, sees a bubble or two rising from the water close at hand when the pack is nearly out of sight, and that is all the indication that tells the story of the otter's successful feint, and of a quiet drift down stream to broader, deeper waters, where his foes cannot follow. Young and inexperienced beasts may fall victims to the pack readily enough, but before an old dog-otter can be captured fairly and without mobbing, all the wit and patience of man and beast will have been strained to the uttermost.



THE SOOT-SOWER AT WORK.

The soot-sower is now busily at work in the fields. The soot from London's chimneys is an excellent fertiliser, and destroys slugs.

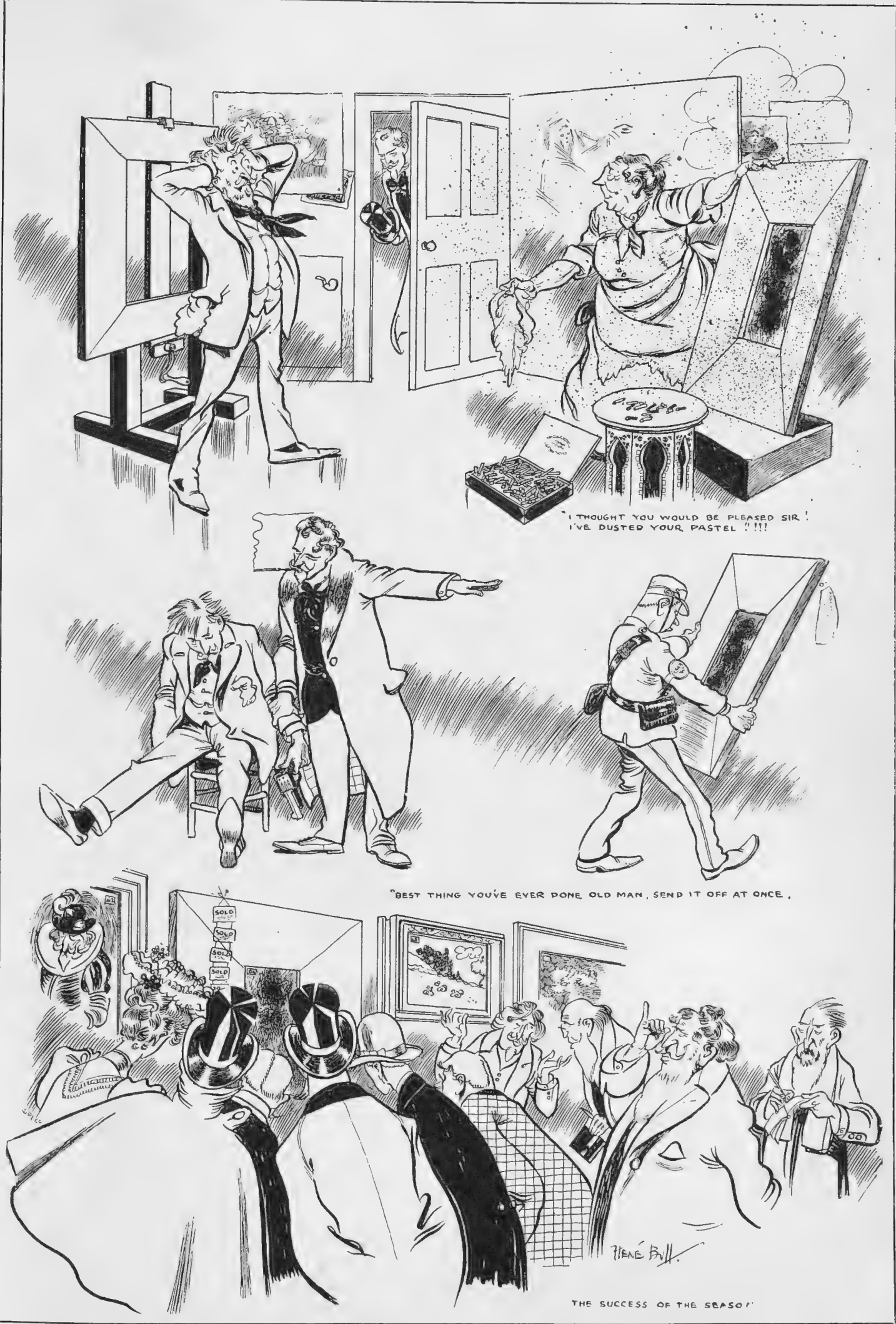
Photograph by J. T. Newman.

pressed, although, of course, he may be found a mile or more from water, and can get over the land at a very considerable pace. The surest proof of his presence for those who cannot find the "seal" lies in the discovery of a dead trout or salmon from which the flesh just behind the head is missing. A freshly killed fish of any size lying beside a stream with this mark upon him tells of the visit of a well-fed otter, for when the animal is not hungry he will hunt for the sake of hunting, and be content with his favourite bite. At the same time, the otter does not clear the streams

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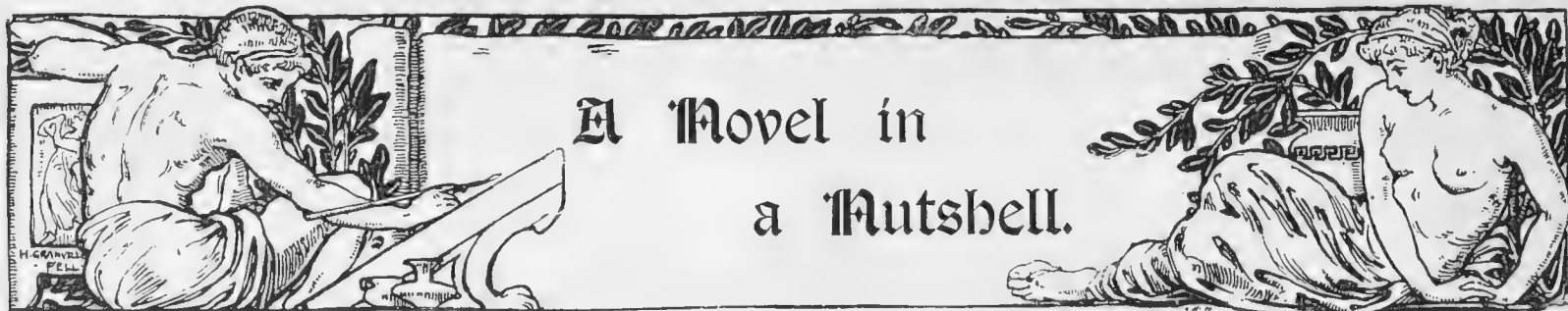
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MAKING A MASTERPIECE.



IMPRESSIONIST ART, BY AN ARTIST—AND A CHARWOMAN

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



BROTHER GIOVANNI'S REWARD.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

BROTHER GIOVANNI stood before the great unfinished canvas that was to grace the wall above the high altar of the monastery chapel. His palette and his brushes lay idle beside him while he stared at the painting with eyes that did not see it, being far beyond in visions of glory, of which he had caught but a faint reflection. Yet that reflection was very beautiful. Here was set out the crucifixion of Our Lord in a manner feeling enough to convert both Turk and Saracen. The good brother's eyes wandered from the infinite tenderness of the central figure to the two thieves crucified on either hand; thence to the group of weeping women about the foot of the cross; and then to a few strongly drawn lines in charcoal in the left-hand corner of the painting, which showed where the work was still incomplete.

Although but a humble monk, Giovanni was held in high esteem both by the Abbot and the brethren of the little monastery of Santa Cascione. These held it firm as an article of faith that none other in all Italy could paint as he could. It was useless to speak to them of Firenze and of Botticelli; equally useless to talk of Rome and of Raphael. They were simple men who had not seen these things. Neither did they wish to see them; for had they not Giovanni's works?—and it was beyond question that these were beyond compare.

All things considered, Giovanni might have been excused had he been puffed up with his fame. It was the more merit to him, therefore, that he showed no sign of being so. He was ever the same: a simple, kindly, brown-eyed man, somewhat inclined to stoutness through much sitting at his work, of little use in the practical affairs of life, and so forgetful of his comfort that at times it was necessary to drag him from his canvas to the refectory for his frugal meals.

As his eye travelled downwards into the unfinished corner of the picture his face took on an expression of distress, and he awoke from his daydream with a murmur.

"Alas! I can never do it!" he cried. "What do I know of such men, or whom can I take as my model? Nay, but to find him I should have to go forth into the world and into the abode of thieves and murderers. And how can I do that? The picture will never be finished, any more than it will be finished when his Lordship comes to see it this afternoon."

His distress was deep indeed; for only that very morning the Abbot Paolo had called to his own apartment after matins and had informed him that the Lord Bishop of Perugia was passing through the monastery on his way to Firenze, bringing letters from the Holy Father himself to Lorenzo de Medici and to his guest Galeazzo Sforzi, Duke of Milan.

"It is useless," he sighed; "I cannot do it."

He gathered his brushes slowly together, and went to the refectory for his midday meal.

The afternoon found him again before his canvas, yet making no further progress with it. Beyond the large window the sun shone hotly on the green lawn of the courtyard. He stood at the window looking out at it vaguely, busied rather with his thoughts than with the scene before him, so that he started as a procession of monks, headed by the Abbot and a richly dressed stranger, came

across the grass in the direction of his room. One glance at the magnificent ecclesiasticism of the visitor's garb told him that this could be no other than the Lord Bishop of Perugia, a powerful Prince of the Church and on terms of intimacy with the Pope himself.

He rose and bowed low as the cortège entered his room. When he raised his eyes again to the Bishop's face, he remained staring at it as though it were a vision sent to him from heaven itself.

Yet it was scarcely a prepossessing countenance. The Lord Bishop was immensely tall. Beside him, the stout, rubicund visage of the Abbot Paolo gave one the impression of a buffoon in attendance upon a giant. The Bishop's head was bald, save for a scanty ring of sandy hair encircling his tonsure. His eyes were pale blue and shifty, save when they fixed themselves on some definite object, in which case they were apt to look a trifle malignant. Above them, the long shaggy eyebrows were of the same sandy colour as his hair. His nose was large and fleshy, and his lips shut tightly together like a steel trap, parted in one place alone by a projecting yellow tooth. Upon the left-hand side of the face, just below his mouth, a large mole disfigured his chin, giving rise to half-a-dozen strong sandy hairs. Brother Giovanni stared at him as though he were unable to remove his eyes.

"Ay," said the Lord Bishop, raising his jewelled fingers by way of benediction. "So this is the picture?"

He gazed at it steadily and made the sign of the cross upon his breast. "You have wrought well, my brother," he said, fixing his eyes sternly upon Giovanni. "Yours is indeed a wonderful talent, and it behoves you to see that you use it worthily. Such art is in itself a religion. Yet tell me," he continued, scanning the picture narrowly, "what figure do you propose placing here where you have left the canvas imperfect?"

"If it pleases your Lordship," stammered Fra Giovanni nervously, "it was my intention to depict here the accursed Iscariot chaffering with the Jews for his pieces of silver. He shall be shown holding out his hand while he glances furtively over his shoulder at the cross, as though fearing that he should meet with miraculous destruction."

"It is well thought of," said the Bishop gravely — "a striking conception indeed. Wherefore is it not yet finished as is the rest of the picture?"

"Alas, my Lord!" said Giovanni, "there were difficulties in the way. Yet now I may promise that it shall not be long before it is completed."

"See that it is so," said the Bishop. "Work worthily and reverently at your craft, my brother, and do not misuse the talent that hath been vouchsafed to you. So shall you surely meet with your reward—not in silver or gold, as do the artists of the world, but in a manner fitting the work you shall accomplish and proportionate to the zeal with which you do it."

He raised his fingers once more in benediction, and departed with his companions, leaving Giovanni standing staring after him. The poor brother's head was spinning with frightful thoughts. He had made no progress with his Judas, because, being surrounded

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



VII.—SNARING EAGLETS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

solely by men of faith and holy living, he had had no model. Well, was not the Lord Bishop a holy man? And yet that nose, those shifty blue eyes, that hideous mole! If these were not proper to Iscariot, then what features could fit him? With a shudder he hid his face in his hands to shut out the vision. Then, flinging his brushes down, he fled to his cell and shut himself in to struggle against temptation.

In the clear light of a summer evening, the Lord Bishop and his train sent out for Firenze. From the window of his cell Brother Giovanni watched them depart. Far on into the night he tossed restlessly upon the plank that formed his couch. At midnight he could bear it no longer, and, seizing a horn lantern, he hurried guiltily from his cell to the painting-room. Desperately he worked by the feeble rays of the lantern until the face of Iscariot stood out hideously, with pale sandy hair and shifting eyes and a mole upon his chin. Almost he feared to look upon it himself. It was like—horribly like! With a shudder, he dashed his brush at the face and obliterated all that he had done.

During the next few days Brother Giovanni went about the monastery pale and preoccupied. The great work made no progress, for he could not touch it. He was obsessed by a vision of the Bishop's face. He knew now that no other Judas was possible for him: he knew that he would have to paint it, and he trembled at the knowledge.

On the fifth day he could keep away no longer. He fell to his work with feverish eagerness. One thing, and one thing only, he would do. He would replace the scanty hair with thick and matted red locks. Possibly that would be a sufficient disguise. And he would leave out the mole too—if he could. He worked as a starving man eats—without stopping; and Judas grew hideously once more upon the canvas.

The good Abbot Paolo watched him with perplexity.

"It reminds me," he said vaguely, scratching his head, "it reminds me of someone—yet of whom I cannot tell."

The brethren thought the same. They gathered in little groups before the picture, endeavouring to recall whom the face of Judas resembled. None of them, however, penetrated the disguise of the thick matted hair. And the mole was not there, though Fra Giovanni had long made up his mind that Judas had had just such a mole, and his fingers itched to put it on.

At length one morning he could resist the temptation no longer, and, with a few vicious dabs of umber, the mole stood revealed. Barely had he finished it when the Abbot hurried in with joy upon his face.

"My brother," he cried, "hast thou finished thy picture? The Lord Bishop returns this way from Firenze to-day, and will arrive in the afternoon. He is certain to wish to see it; and doubtless he will reward thee, my son, according to thy deserts."

"Yes," said Giovanni quietly, "it is finished."

The Abbot departed joyfully, too full of his preparations for his guest's reception to glance at the canvas. But Giovanni stared at it dismally.

"He will know it," he murmured; "he cannot but recognise it."

It would be so easy to alter the face. A few dabs of paint would at least obliterate the mole. Yet as poor Giovanni looked at his work he knew it was impossible.

"I will not!" he cried, raising his hands. "Thus was Judas, and no otherwise. I will not do it!"

In the afternoon the Lord Bishop came over the hills with a numerous retinue. When he had washed and partaken of some slight refecton, he expressed a wish to see the picture.

Many of the brethren, proud of Fra Giovanni's skill, accompanied him. Like bees, they clustered about the canvas, leaving, however, a space wherein the good Abbot and his guest might move.

The Lord Bishop of Perugia looked long and steadily at the picture. Then he turned his eyes towards Giovanni, who stood beside it, sick with fear. There could be no doubt now whom Judas resembled. Not one of the monks could miss the likeness when the model stood before them. They fell to whispering together, marvelling that they had not seen it before. And ever as he looked the Bishop's scowl increased, and with the scowl the resemblance grew stronger.

"Thou hast wrought well," he said at last, turning towards Giovanni. "Thou hast well employed the talent that hath been granted unto thee. Indeed, indeed," he went on, punning with vicious pleasantry, "thou hast not hidden it in a napkin. Therefore, as I did prophesy to thee, thou shalt surely meet with thy reward—not in gold or silver, my brother, but in a manner fitting to the work which you have accomplished, and the zeal with which you accomplished it. Myself and your good Abbot will confer upon the matter."

He turned and left the room, followed by the Abbot and the whispering monks, and once more Giovanni was left alone with his picture.

That same evening in the chapter-house Brother Giovanni received his reward, and in good measure. A couple of sturdy brethren stripped him and, placing him face downwards upon the floor, laid on to him lustily with raw cow-hide until he bellowed again. Nightly for a month the process was repeated; so that long afterwards the peasantry of those parts, when they could hear the wolves howl in the forests at night, would laugh by their firesides, and say—

"Pish! 'tis but Brother Giovanni receiving the reward of the talent that hath been granted to him."

Moral: Even in the days before commercial competition, Art for Art's sake did not always pay.

THE END.



STAMPA ON SPRING.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT Mr. Barrie should fail to attract the public seems little short of incredible in these days when so many believe that theatrically he can do no wrong. Certain it is, however, that "Punch" and "Josephine" did not hit the public taste, for they were withdrawn last Friday.

The doors of the Comedy will, however, reopen immediately, for "Raffles" will be produced on an at present undetermined day next week, with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier in the part created in America by Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who has been playing it for the last three years. The cast is of exceptional strength, for it includes Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Frederick Volpe, and Mr. Dion Boucicault, in addition to Mr. Lawrence Irving, who has not been seen in London since he acted Don John in Mr. Tree's production of "Much Ado About Nothing."

The pleasant memories of Mrs. Blundell's last play, "The Widow Woos," will be revived on Saturday, when Mr. Frederick Harrison will return to "M. E. Francis" for the piece which is to precede "The Man from Blankley's." "Olf and the Little Maid," with its suggestively poetic title, will make use of the services, among others, of Mr. Sydney Valentine (who also played in Mrs. Blundell's previous piece, of which, indeed, he was part author) and Miss Dorothy Minto, who has not been long in securing an engagement at so important a theatre.

While the United States, with characteristic pride, has refused the aid of other countries in ministering to the distress of the victims of the overwhelming catastrophe at San Francisco, it is a pleasant commentary on the fraternal relations existing between England and America, and a proof of the international aspect of the stage, that in the theatrical performances which have been given for the benefit of the sufferers—and the actors have, with their characteristic readiness, allowed no time to elapse before they organised benefits of so attractive a character that they were pre-assured of success—English actors have taken a prominent part, notable amongst them being Mr. E. S. Willard and Mr. Robert Loraine.

While Mr. Lewis Waller has not, at the time of writing, definitely settled the date of his interesting revival of "Othello" for a series of matinées, there is no practical doubt but that the first performance will be given somewhere about the middle of the month. Mr. Waller

will, of course, play Othello, a part in which he has long desired to appear. As, in speaking of it, he has been heard to remark in his quietly humorous fashion that he does not believe that Othello is as black as he is painted, he will, no doubt, present us with a tawny Moor, in accordance with the text of "The Merchant of Venice," instead of a blackamoor, as some actors have done. Mr. H. B. Irving will be Iago, a part which playgoers will naturally remember was acted by Sir Henry Irving; Mr. Henry Neville will be Brabantio, Mr. Henry Ainley, Cassio; Mr. A. E. George, Roderigo; Miss Evelyn Millard, Desdemona; Miss Wynne Matthison, Emilia; and Miss Sarah Brooke, Bianca.

While Miss Ellen Terry's jubilee has passed and gone, enshrined in the memory of her admirers and inscribed in the book of theatrical history, what may be called its professional celebration has yet to take place. The preparations to that end are now engaging the attention of the leading managers, and the theatrical world will be busy for the next few weeks with the matinée which is to be given at Drury Lane Theatre on a day next month when the London season is at its height and it will be easy for rank and fashion to pay its never-failing tribute at the feet of genius. The difficulty the committee will undoubtedly have to face is the desire of the great body of actors generally to take part in the proceedings. Perhaps a reception similar to that of the benefit to Mrs. Keeley at the Lyceum will be found to be the solution of the problem.

For two English authors to have plays produced in about a week in Paris is a circumstance which has naturally awakened a pleasant impression in the Green-Room, in which the theatre is naturally of supreme importance. "Op o' Me Thumb," by Mr. Frederick

Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce, which made so striking an impression when Mr. George Alexander produced it at the Court, was the first of these plays. One of the most distinguished Parisian critics called it an amalgam of Dickens and Gorky, and declared it to be both charming and delicate; but he had to admit that it failed to be appreciated at its proper value, perhaps because the actress who played Amanda missed the simplicity of its note. Still, the work itself received recognition at the Théâtre Antoine. The other play, done at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre, is by Mr. Alfred Sutro, who based his plot on an incident which, although so possible in real life that it has probably happened over and over again, would probably not be accepted by London audiences.



MISS MILLY LINDON SINGING "IN BARCELONA,"
AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



Lord Percy Pall Mall Venus Vulcan The Gibson Girl
(Miss Sybil Arundale). (Miss Daisy Cordell). (Mr. T. Tremayne). (Miss Elizabeth Firth).

TRAFALGAR SQUARE RETURNS TO ITS PRIMEVAL STATE: THE LAST SCENE OF "VENUS 1906," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walerly.

KEY-NOTES

RICHTER recently conducted, at one of the London Symphony Orchestra concerts, a fine Wagnerian programme, the best item of which was probably the Finale of Wagner's "Walküre." Mr. Frederic Austin sang the part of Wotan, and Miss Marie Brema that of Brünnhilde. Miss Brema was splendidly dramatic, and repeated an old triumph in the emotional vocalisation which she put into her part. Mr. Frederic Austin is perhaps not very familiar to operatic audiences, which, for the most part, can lay claim to intimate acquaintance with Wagner's "Ring"; but on this occasion it must be said that his intensity of feeling, the fineness of his voice, and his general dramatic equipment left nothing to be desired. At the same concert, Mr. John Harrison sang the famous "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" with much intelligence and with great vocal significance. The concert ended with a very fine performance of the Overture to "Rienzi." This work certainly shows signs of the development which was to come later in Wagner's artistic life; if one may, however, make a slight criticism, it would be to the effect that Richter tried somewhat too persistently to read into the early work of Wagner the spirit of the same master's later work.

A course of concerts, to be known by the name of the Joachim Committee Concerts, was opened the other evening at the Bechstein Hall, Joachim playing as first violin, Professor Carl Halir as second violin, Professor Emmanuel Wirth taking the viola, and Professor Robert Hausmann the cello. Joachim played wonderfully well, reminding us of the old days when he practically stood supreme with Lady Hallé and Sarasate in the violin world. In Mozart's Quartet in B flat he realised the delicacy and the elastic strength of that master in quite an exceptional degree.

That marvellous violinist, Mischa Elman, gave a recital at the Queen's Hall a few days ago, accompanied by Mr. R. J. Ford, and assisted by Miss Amy Castles. To select at once the finest detail of the programme, Bach's Sonata in G minor, Elman was extraordinarily good. It is not as though he were merely a master of technique, merely a finely practised youngster who, by dint of hours and hours of work, had been able to bring his undoubted power over the violin to perfection; it was in the fact that, combined with this extraordinary technical display, he found it possible to exhibit the deep and profound beauty of Bach's music, that he was most to be admired. There are many players who can, by dint of such practice as we have mentioned, play the most difficult Fugue of Bach, and still leave you with the impression that they have accomplished nothing more than a great musical feat. Mischa Elman, while still giving you that impression, opens the secret of Bach's sense of beauty, and confounds you not only with the importance of his actual playing, but also with his realisation of the wonder and the beauty which sometimes seem almost to be hidden in the intricate difficulties of John Sebastian's compositions. Miss Amy Castles sang very well, including in her selection of songs Verdi's "Caro nome" and Bizet's "Je dis que rien." We cannot refrain from quoting a little sentence which occurs in the analytical programme, which runs as follows: "Many of the cognoscenti compare Elgar with Brahms." We do not exactly know

who the cognoscenti in this instance may be, but anything more unlike the music of Elgar than that of Brahms seems to us inconceivable. The two men have looked at music from an utterly different point of view, and while the upholders of Brahms would probably feel annoyed, no less annoyed in this connection will be the admirers of the man who has written "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles."

At the Æolian Hall, for the first of May, a Bach Concert will have taken place under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood in aid of the funds for the purchase of Bach's house at Eisenach and for the endowment of a Bach Museum. Of course, Mendelssohn was the man who practically revealed Bach to England; in such a connection

as this one must always revere the name of a composer who made himself so very popular in this country. One says so much simply because honour should be given where honour is due, for the habit of belittling Mendelssohn, which is so prevalent in these days,

should be counteracted to some extent by the memory of that which he has done for the patronage of all that is best in music. The programme on this occasion has been arranged to consist of the Brandenburg Concerto, of the Humorous Cantata, "Phœbus and Pan," and, of course, the famous "Chaconne" for violin in D minor. One might easily have put forward some work not quite so well known as the "Chaconne," which, magnificent though it is, can possibly be overdone when it is played by every violinist who makes any attempt to create a name in London. That is, however, by the way. In the "Humorous" Cantata Mr. Frederick Ralaw will figure as Phœbus and Mr. Frederic Austin as Pan. May we repeat a joke which has recently been made in public, and observe that in these days Bach seems to have put every other composer into the Bach-ground?

By the time these words are in print the Festival devoted to the works of Beethoven and Berlioz at the Opéra and the Châtelet in Paris will have been completed. Weingartner was announced as the conductor, and under his direction were placed the Lamoureux Orchestra and singers from the famous Amsterdam Choir.

It is a fine thought that has to realise this particular festival, for there was no more strenuous upholder of Beethoven and his work than Hector Berlioz; and although the great French musician and critic died harassed by a sense of failure, it is something to remember that he is now associated with the great master and artist for whose work he did so much, and for whose reputation he worked so laboriously. Though one need not put Berlioz on a loftier plane as a creative musician than Beethoven, one must remember at the same time that Berlioz claimed the respect and the admiration of the civilised world as probably the greatest musical critic who ever set pen to paper. We should much like to know how many people have heard Berlioz's "Les Troyens." The present writer heard the whole Cycle once in Brussels, and though, as has been said, one cannot compare Berlioz the composer with Beethoven the composer, the work is splendidly imaginative, finely dramatic, nobly musical, and, as a matter of fact, preceded the whole idea which has made the great Wagner's name and reputation.

COMMON CHORD.



M. DOGNIES (BRUSSELS).

THE OPENING OF THE GRAND OPERA SEASON: THREE TENORS NEW TO COVENT GARDEN.

Before the first week of the grand opera season has passed, several candidates for an English reputation will have been heard for the first time. We give portraits of three of the leading tenors—Theodor Conrad, Hans Nietan, and Dognies. Herr Conrad brings a reputation with him, and has already achieved a success in the "Ring." Hans Nietan is a comparatively new recruit to grand opera. German critics have given him high praise. M. Dognies has sung with great success in Brussels.



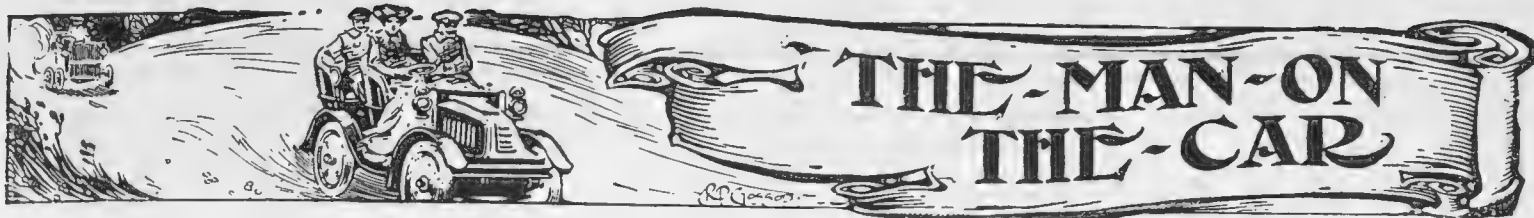
Photo. Odemar-Tiedemann.

HERR NIETAN (DESSAU).



HERR CONRAD (COLOGNE).

Photograph by Barasch.



PEUGEOT CARS' REPUTATION BY WORTH—A CATALOGUE DE LUXE—TYRE-DETACHMENT MADE EASY—MOTORING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT—
L. AND S. W. R. FACILITIES—THE PUGNACIOUS PERSISTENCE OF THE POLICE—SIDE-SCREENS TO MUDGUARDS.

SOME cars are built for greatness, others achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. In the first category I think we may include those cars whose reputations have been made by their racing companions—racing-cars built by the same builders and in the same works. In the second I would class those

cars whose service in many and various ways, extending over many years, has earned for them a position in the public esteem which no racing honours could afford. The third class must comprise motors for which a paper reputation is piled up before wheels are set to their chassis, and for which money is obtained on account. The solid reputation is, of course, that gained by the cars in the second group, and as a salient example of this class I would suggest the Peugeot cars, which are dealt with in this country by Messrs. Friswell, Limited, of 1, Albany Street. No flashy advertising schemes are undertaken in connection with this car at home or on the Continent;

a big steamboat suitable for deck cargo, and for towing cargo-boats, by which motors can be ferried across to the Island for 10s. for cars weighing under 10 cwt., and above, 15s., while tri-cars and motor-cycles are taken for 5s. each. A special boat can be had whenever required at an extra cost of 10s. The cars are run on and off the boats by inclined planes on both sides, and are not slung. This service should open the Island to motorists, who can combine it with a run to the New Forest.

Even at the bidding of the police, the Croydon Bench have refused to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world at large. Having taken three weeks for reflection, they have arrived at the conclusion that to find a man guilty of obstructing the police in the performance of their duty, when he was actually engaged in discouraging breaches of the law, would be quite too silly for anything. And so the Croydon Solons have in their wisdom dismissed the summons so egregiously taken out against Mr. Little, as a suggestion that even the police may not be persecutors and prosecutors alike. Now one would have thought that in all common-sense the matter would have been allowed to drop here, but that is not the policeman's little way. Chagrined to the uttermost at the contemptuous dismissal of his little game at Croydon, he has asked for a case to be stated, in order that the matter may go before a higher Court, and that he may make more ridiculous the already ridiculous figure he has cut in this spiteful action. The Motor Union have got the case in hand, and, if necessary, will carry it to the highest Court of Appeal.

When splay or partially encircling mudguards only are fitted to the steering-wheels of a motor-car, mud and grit on very wet or very dry days will be found to reach the clothes and faces of the occupants of the front seat, sometimes to a very unpleasant degree. This can be prevented altogether by the screen-guard fitted by some makers, notably Argylls, Limited, between the inner edge of the mudguard and the frame. When this has not been done by the makers, a car-owner can have a very efficient and detachable substitute made of a



THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BELGIAN GIRL WHO HAS INVENTED A TURNABLE FOR AUTOMOBILES: Mlle. ERNESTA CARSTON DI LUISI.

Mlle. Luisi has just patented an invention which, it is claimed, will revolutionise many kinds of traction. A turntable fixed to any vehicle is the origin of her idea, and by means of her device any vehicle—automobile, car, cart, etc.—driven by any power can at once reverse. Belgian Government engineers are considering the young inventor's scheme, with a view to purchasing the rights for their country.

Photograph by Whithy; reproduced by courtesy of the "Autocar."

its intrinsic merit and sound wearing qualities alone have been left to establish its reputation—as instance the fact of a large motor-hiring agent in London who will have none but Peugeots for his particular business.

Returning for a moment to the Peugeot cars, I cannot refrain from making reference to the catalogue of the French firm, a copy of which has just reached me, which I have seldom seen equalled as an artistic typographical production. Copies of this beautifully produced work can be obtained on application to Messrs. Friswell, Limited, at the above address.

The labour of detaching and attaching a pneumatic tyre, together with the withdrawal and reinsertion of the valve, always a soul-curdling operation, has now been rendered comparative child's-play by the introduction of three specially designed levers by the Michelin Tyre Company. These levers are known as the "hinged lever," the "crutch lever," and the "forked lever," and by their combined employment in conformity with a few simple instructions, tyre-manipulation becomes an easy and interesting in lieu of an exasperating, nail-breaking, and pneumonia-provoking operation. I regret that it is not possible to describe the use of these three cleverly designed implements in the space at my disposal or without diagrams, but lacking these, I would suggest a call at the Michelin Tyre Company's establishment at 49-50, Sussex Place, South Kensington, where one demonstration is certain to prove sufficiently convincing.

Motorists touring in the South of England would frequently continue their wheel-wanderings to the Isle of Wight if they were aware that they could cheaply, easily, and safely transport their cars from the mainland to the Island, or vice versa, for a nominal fee. Eager to cultivate this form of traffic, as they have shown themselves to be at Southampton, the London and South Western Railway Company have now running between Lymington and Yarmouth, Isle



KING ALFONSO IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT: HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY MOTORING.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

piece of thick, shaped patent-leather, laced by means of eyelet-holes to the edge of the mudguard and its brackets. I am inclined to this description of inner-guard rather than to the fixed sheet metal screens, by reason of the fact that when a single-handed roadside repair or adjustment is required, the leather guard is easily and quickly detached and attached. Any smart motor-car repairer can fit guards of this description, and they will be found to add greatly to the comfort and also to the cleanliness of the car.

AN ENGINEERING REVOLUTION

IT is not at all likely to be forgotten in these days of the *entente cordiale* that the motor-car is one of the blessings—if one may venture to so describe it—that we owe to France. Twelve years ago, when the propulsion of an engine of any kind in our streets and roads was forbidden by law, the motor-car had already become a fairly common object in the more populous places on the south side of La Manche. Englishmen of the more advanced sort cast envious eyes on the progress France was making, and they put their feelings into force to such good purpose that the emancipation of Great Britain was soon effected. And from the passing of the Light Locomotives Act there sprang an energy, an activity, in improving and manufacturing motor-cars that has hardly been paralleled in the engineering history of the world. It seemed as if a vast pent-up force had been let loose; brains, energy, and money were forthcoming, and in an incredibly short time a new industry came into being.

Naturally many difficulties were encountered by the pioneers of the movement. Save in a modified form in the gas-engine, the principles of power-production by internal combustion had been little studied, little understood, and totally undeveloped. But

FRONT-VIEW-OF-THE-WORKS



MR. ALEX. GOVAN

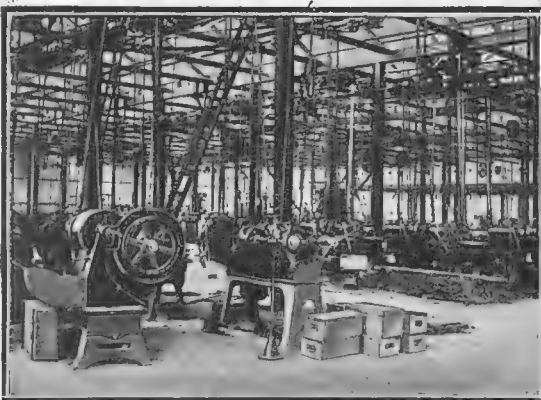
enthusiasm. The originators of the Hozier Company, however, owned some valuable assets. They had a full share of the Scotchman's dour determination, and they were endowed with a liberal engineering education and brains to use it to the best advantage. The earlier chapters of their manufacturing history were filled with disappointments, rebuffs, and losses, such as would have discouraged men of less indomitable will and perseverance; but having chosen their *métier* the heads of the concern proved themselves worthy descendants of the heroes of bygone days—they eliminated the word failure from their vocabulary, and, full of confidence in the future, devoted all their energies to the problem before them. They have been richly rewarded, and their optimism and their courage have been more than justified, and their cars are running in every quarter of the civilised world.

Throughout all the Company's career the central figure has been Mr. Alex. Govan, and it is only bare justice to say that to his force of character, unflagging energy, and organising genius the Company owes its proud position as the greatest concern of the kind in the United Kingdom, and one of the most remarkable engineering developments in the world.

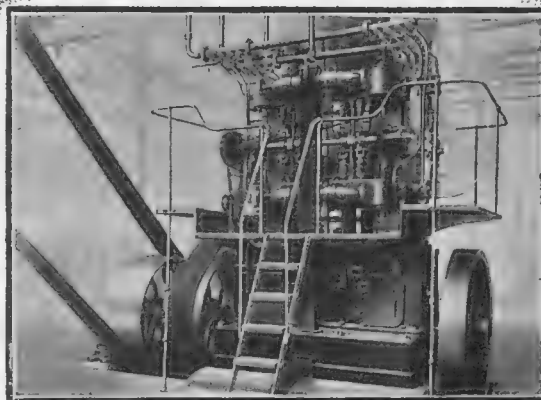
It was in 1901 that the Argyll car first



BACK-VIEW-OF-THE-WORKS



A MAZE OF BELTS AND SHAFTING



ONE OF THE 15 GAS ENGINES
100 H.P. EACH

the French, who had the advantage of an early start, were making rapid strides in the evolution of the petrol motor, and most of their improvements were freely adopted in this country. British inventors and manufacturers quickly learned all that France had to teach, and then struck out on independent lines, with the splendid results that all who have eyes may observe for themselves.

One of the firms actively engaged in the motor movement in its earlier days was the Hozier Engineering Co. of Glasgow, now

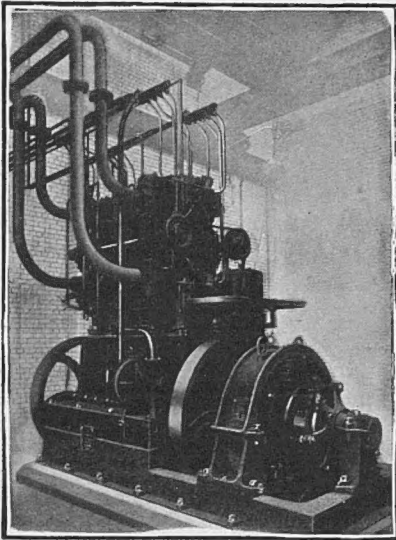
known as Argyll Motors, Limited, whose rapid rise to a commanding position in the British motor-car industry reads more like a romance than a tale of plain fact. The Hozier Company started operations in a very small way. They possessed little money, their experience of motor-cars was naturally limited, and they were placed at a disadvantage in being located in a district in which the new locomotion was not favourably regarded—the proverbial Scottish caution operating in this as in many other matters to check any tendency to premature

proved its merits in open competition, and its performance was, as on many subsequent occasions, quite unique. The first year of the twentieth century was the year of the great International Exhibition in Glasgow, and the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland paid Scotland the compliment of making the exhibition their headquarters for the annual reliability trial. This trial consisted of five daily runs, aggregating 535 miles, over the most difficult roads within a day's journey of Glasgow: and an Argyll car achieved the

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE "ARGYLL"

unique distinction in its class of completing the course without the loss of a single mark. It was also driven up the famous Whistlefield Hill—first included as a hill-climbing test and then withdrawn—with its full complement of passengers. Previous to this trial the Argyll was practically an unknown car, but its marked success forced its merits on the mind of the public, and in succeeding years it has continually strengthened its claims. "Reliability" has always been the watchword of its makers, and the Argyll car has achieved a non-stop in every reliability contest in which it has been entered. Space will not permit the cataloguing of its many victories here, but it may be said that from 1901 down to the present year it has placed to its credit an unbroken series of successes, the latest being the winning of the challenge shield in the four days' reliability trial organised by the Motor Union of Western India last January.

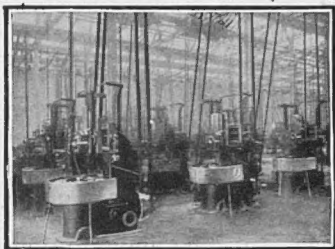
To what do these competitions lead? In the first place, to public confidence. Relia-



ONE OF SEVEN DYNAMOS
IN THE POWER-HOUSE

where, and there is an ample supply of hot water in every department, so that no worker, however "messy" his occupation, need be seen outside the factory with dirty hands. A locker is also provided for each man in which he can keep his coat and hat while he is clothed in the neat uniform supplied, and the completeness of the firm's provision for all possible contingencies is shown by the fact that a room in the office buildings has been specially designed and equipped for ambulance purposes.

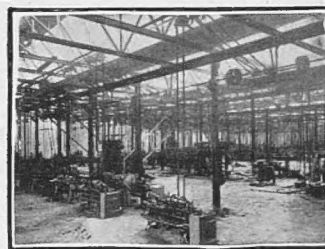
In the way of consideration for their employees the Argyll Company are the first industrial concern in this country, if not in the world, to establish a properly-organised recreation department. This department has been placed in charge of a professional musician, a member of the famous Scottish Orchestra, who has the reputation of being an exceptionally clever conjurer and drawing-room entertainer. The large hall in the office buildings, accommodating 500, will, through the Company's generosity, be placed



A GROUP OF
BULLARD BORING
AND TURNING
MACHINES



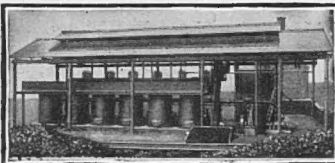
1906 MOTOR-CAR



A CORNER OF
MACHINE
SHOP

bility trials, unlike mere speed contests, bring out just those qualities for which the potential purchaser of a motor-car for everyday use is seeking—such qualities as reliability and simplicity of mechanism, smoothness of running, hill-climbing capacity, and durability—and consequently a car that is uniformly successful in reliability tests is equipped with a certificate of its fitness for touring and for town use. In the case of the Argyll, the money, time, labour, and worry involved in contesting a close series of competitions had been well spent because of the successful results. These have proved the car's merits, and have undoubtedly been a leading factor in developing the enormous demand for Argyll cars, not only in this country, but abroad—in India, Australia, New Zealand, Europe, and America.

The works of the Argyll Company originally occupied a portion of an old bicycle factory on the west side of Hozier Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. In course of time the entire factory was absorbed, then additional premises on the other side of the street were taken. Other additions have been made from time to time, yet the Company were always hampered for want of room. So congested did the factory become that early last year the directors decided upon a further extension, bigger by far than any other which had taken place previously. Sixty acres of ground on the Tullichewan estate at Alexandria were secured. In the month of April the first sod was cut, and the first 100-h.p. engine in the machine shop



GAS-PRODUCER-PLANT

was running before the end of June. The factory, which covers fifteen acres, has a magnificent frontage to the Loch Lomond road, the office building extending to about 550 feet. The various manufacturing shops are built in parallel lines at right-angles to the office buildings, and are so arranged that they can be extended without interfering with work or the workers. In the design and construction of the buildings the comfort and health of the employees have been kept prominently in view. Not only the office, but the entire factory is warmed by hot air, which is passed through a filter before being discharged into the buildings. Electric light, manufactured on the premises, is used every-

at the disposal of the employees, who will have the assistance of their "concert director" in organising entertainments of various kinds.

At the present time the Company employ about 2100 workers, but before many months this number will be nearly doubled. The productive capacity of the works is fully 3000 complete cars per annum, and further extensions can be made in the manufacturing shops at any time. Two railway sidings have been led from the Dumbarton and Balloch Joint Railway right into the works, and by means of these cars can be loaded into railway trucks and dispatched to all parts of Scotland and England—the Dumbarton and Balloch Railway being in direct communication with the Caledonian and North British Railways, which in turn work with all the great English trunk lines. From other points of view also the site of the works is an admirable one. It is within the West of Scotland engineering zone, forming a part of that long line of great engineering and shipbuilding concerns beginning at Glasgow and stretching for nearly twenty miles along the banks of the Clyde.

It would be futile to attempt here any detailed description of this magnificent factory. Suffice it to say that in design, in organisation, and in equipment every improvement that human ingenuity could devise has been introduced, the machine-shop being filled with the finest and most expensive machinery, both of home and foreign make.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GUINEAS AND SOME OF ITS WINNERS—VETERANS—TIPSTERS.

ALL the Newmarket meetings fail to draw crowds except the First Spring, the Second October, and the Houghton fixtures. That is to say, the only races that attract crowds to the Metropolis of the Turf are the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire. There should be many people at headquarters this week, as royalty and nobility will be well represented, and many 'cute speculators will be on the look-out to try and find something to beat Lally for the Derby—a thankless task, by-the-bye. The Guineas are run over the Rowley Mile, which is not by any means a hard course, but upsets often take place, especially in the race for the One Thousand, as fillies are not to be trusted at this time of the year. It will be remembered that the Two Thousand of last year was won by Mr. de Ward Fenton by the aid of Vedas, which he had leased from Lady Meux. Vedas was a sound fourth favourite at 5½ to 1. The favourite, Rouge Croix, cut up very badly, and finished sixth. St. Amant was favourite, and won in 1904, and after that won the Derby, but performed badly in the St. Leger, won by Pretty Polly. In 1903 Rock Sand won the triple crown, and he started at 6 to 4 on for the Guineas. Many of the professionals backed him for the treble event, and landed big stakes. In 1902 Sceptre, starting equal favourite with Duke of Westminster, won, and also captured the One Thousand. The filly was unaccountably beaten in the Derby, but won the Oaks and also the St. Leger. In 1901 Handicapper effected a big surprise. He led from end to end, winning from Doricles and Osboch. In 1900 the King's triple crown hero, Diamond Jubilee, won, to the surprise of many, and his victory was brought about through putting the stable jockey, H. Jones, up. John Osborne, who, I am glad to hear, is fit and well, rode the winner of the Two Thousand as far back as 1857, when he was successful on Lord Zetland's Vedette. Thirty-one years after, he won on the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire. How is that for a record?

I am sorry to hear of the death of an old friend in Mr. Martin Cobbett, whose cheery face will be sadly missed from our racecourses. Mr. Cobbett wrote regularly in the *Referee* on sports and sportsmen;

our cricket-fields at the very time that I held the post of cricket and football editor of the *Sportsman*. In his day he went in for rowing, and spent many busy hours up the river he knew so well. He was a capital *raconteur*, and was always surrounded by an admiring crowd when he was recounting any of his experiences on our racecourses. Jack Cobbett, Martin's elder brother, is a well-known racing reporter, who travels the country the year round, and looks well on it. Another veteran, Tom Flood, is one of the regulars. He looks as hard as nails, and is a good worker. Mr. John Corlett, except for an

occasional twinge of the gout, is as fit as he was twenty-five years ago. He is still able to eat a good lunch and to tell a good tale. His *fidus Achates*, Mr. Alfred Allison, bears his years well, and is as funny as ever, both in his writing and as a *raconteur*. I think he could give me a few years in sporting journalism.

I am told that the Post Office has lost a tremendous revenue owing to the advertising tipsters having lost their clients. Ten years ago, at any important meeting private telegrams by the hundred were despatched each morning from the course containing "dead snips," "never-to-be-beaten gems," "paddock finals," and so on. Now they do not run into dozens. The fact of the matter is, thanks to the early publication of the evening papers, backers are able to get the probable runners, betting, form, with plenty of hints to assist them in picking their own winners, and the little punter has at last learned to think for himself, and, as a rule, he does it

successfully, as the starting-price bookmakers have found out to their cost. Further, the silver-gambler derives a certain amount of pleasure over and above the profit in acting as his own tipster. He has discovered at last how it is done. His first aim is to get a runner, then to find out whether the horse is fit or not, and how he is likely to act over the course. He does not, as a rule, go for the screaming hot favourites, but rather tries to pick out second or third favourites, a system that invariably shows fairly good results. The man who argues that a horse must be of some account to be backed to beat a so-called paper certainty is a stayer as a rule. I do not mean to say that the little punter does not back his fancy, but to become



PERSIMMON IN BRONZE—A PRESENT FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE KING.

Captain Adrian Jones's statue of the King's famous Derby winner, Persimmon, which is just over life-size, is to be presented to his Majesty by the Prince of Wales. Raised on a granite pedestal, it will occupy a prominent place on the lawn at Sandringham.

Photograph by Park.



THE WIVES OF ARMY OFFICERS AS EXPERT RIDERS: LADIES GIVING AN EXHIBITION AT THE MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL, HANOVER.

From left to right the ladies are: Frau Seiffert, Frau von Löffbecke, Frau von Krieger, Frau Johansen.

also on country rambles. He was a good walker and knew all the bridle-paths and short cuts within a fifty-miles radius of the Metropolis. Mr. Cobbett also contributed sporting "copy" to the columns of the *Tribune*. He was one of the veterans of the sporting Press, for it is a quarter of a century since he represented the *Sporting Life* on

his fancy a horse has to be tested by the rules I have noted. An advertising tipster may have the best thing from one stable, but the little punter nowadays is able to get the strength of all the horses.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE of the first lessons we learn in this contradictory world is that promises are made of pie-crust, which friable material, however adapted to enjoyment (when well made), is by no means designed or expected to *last*. Therefore, when the nerve-worn Londoner whose dwelling is cast in a noisy, motor-'bus-ridden street suddenly reads in the papers that a new and a noiseless, a swift and a non-smelling vehicle is to replace the thunderous volcanic horror that now rushes through his street, he once more thinks that life, even in London, may be less unendurable during his allotted span. Think of it, ye citizens!—a London without smells, without panting 'bus-horses, without the roar, the clatter, and the crash of the motor-'bus, patrolled instead by swiftly gliding, smooth and silent conveyances, equalling in most points the miraculously luxurious brougham of our most prosperous friends! It is too much to hope in this sublunary, unsatisfactory social system, as our friends the critics are not slow to say. *En revanche* we are assured by the other side that breakdowns and general impracticability are the concomitants, inevitable and to be expected, of the electric car. Still, pie-crust and Pandora notwithstanding, human nature ever turns its face to the sun, and being innately optimistic, will go on hoping that what house-agents call the "amenities" of London life may, above all things, lead in the near future to that quietude which is so necessary to the nerve-ridden Metropolitan, and has so entirely departed from our midst since the advent of the bold, the blatant, the barbarously noisy motor-omnibus.

Oetzmann's, of Hampstead Road, are sending out to their customers a new book which deals exhaustively with their system

for the asking on any applicant, and many will doubtless avail themselves of the bountiful opportunities it so attractively sets forth.

Spring catalogues, as a matter of fact, seem to shower themselves on us from all points, like rice at a wedding. Whiteley's, of Westbourne Grove, are accountable for a charmingly arranged book



A BLACK GOWN WITH EMBROIDERY.

[Copyright.]



A DAINTY GOWN OF FOULARD.

[Copyright.]

of new modes. The pictures on the front and back are alone most enticing; but as the pages are turned and one seductive possibility succeeds another, the question arises, not what to buy, but what to leave alone. Hats, frocks, blouses, all seem superlatively smart this season, and Whiteley's catalogue contains many extremely *chic* presentments of the very latest fashions in each. Especially attractive are the hats; and country cousins unable to come up for a personally conducted tour of the shops can possess themselves of the last cry or call of Madame Fashion by ordering from this most comprehensive catalogue of the Universal Provider.

The Parisian Diamond Company, always renowned for the exclusive and exquisite designs of all its productions, has inaugurated still another departure by inserting the motto, heraldic or otherwise, of the wearer in any special piece of jewellery, as is shown by the corsage ornament sketched on the following page. This jewel, exquisitely wrought in diamonds and pear-shaped pearls, is *en suite* with the magnificent tiara and necklace which accompany it in the sketch, and may be regarded altogether as one of the finest examples of gem-setting which even the art of the Parisian Diamond Company can compass. The stones are set *à jour*, and are of the finest quality, the pearls lustrous and of that colour for which the company has obtained its world-wide reputation, while the pattern in which they are set spells the last word in elegance and beauty.

Nowadays we are nothing if not hygienic, and since microbes established their disagreeable identities in a once unconscious world, the aim and end of every self-respecting householder has been to

of furnishing in the best of styles, and with the widest choice. It is a very thorough-going catalogue, and one over which young folk about to start keeping house, with all its illusions, delusions, and subsequent confusions, would undoubtedly gloat. The volume, with its profusion of illustrations and price-lists, is bestowed

discover and hunt out offending entities from his midst. When the scare was new microbes were discovered in banknotes, on piano-notes, and even newly engaged couples were warned against osculations, lest measles and mumps might effect transference from one adored lip to another! We have now settled down to the more placid endurance of the microbe, which, though, like the Radical Government, it must be ever regarded as a menace, may be kept within bounds by due precaution and avoidance of contact. One of the most fruitful sources of danger to health undoubtedly lies on the floor over which we trail our gowns and walk or sit, oblivious of the dust and death-traps lying *perdu* in unswept corners. The ideal floor is, beyond doubt, of polished wood, with rugs that get their daily shake, and in acclimatising this wholesome and artistic idea to English minds, the Ronuk Company, Limited, which is in headquarters at Portslade, near Brighton, has done yeoman service. A new and attractive booklet, called "The Sanitary Treatment of Floors," treats clearly and logically of the virtues of "Ronuk" as a brilliant polish and as a deodoriser of wooden floors, while its sanitary qualities as a furniture and floor-cloth polisher are also made very apparent. Most of the big hospitals use it constantly now, and every house-proud housewife should do likewise. Be her house a mansion or a cottage, "Ronuk" equally applies.

This is a fastidious age, when mankind, not to mention his other kind, are continuously reaching out for the best, and content with nothing less. From motor-cars to millinery, from coursers to comestibles, it is all the same. We find out the best and buy it. Therefore, when choice China teas are recommended us by such experts as the United Kingdom Tea Company, who specialise in the fragrant leaf, whether from Ceylon, India, or Chinese territory, we feel straightway compelled to purchase the same with all confidence in its quality. Samples are sent direct to those applying at the Company's offices, Empire Warehouses, Finsbury, E.C.

Apropos of eating and eatables—gourmets whose palates have been trained to appreciation of the *haute cuisine* will



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" "NOTE-BOOK" ILLUSTRATED BY THE "MORNING LEADER": OUR CONTEMPORARY'S PICTORIAL COMMENT ON A G. K. CHESTERTON REMARK.

The "Morning Leader" has been making good-natured fun out of a comment made by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the "Note-Book" in "The Illustrated London News." Above is our contemporary's illustration of Mr. Chesterton's remark—"I can never understand why it is that, in poems and romances, the poor are made to writhe at the refined and subtle sneers of the rich. As far as I can see from the daily life of our streets it is the poor who do the refined and subtle sneering and the rich who writhe all over the pavement."

By courtesy of the "Morning Leader."

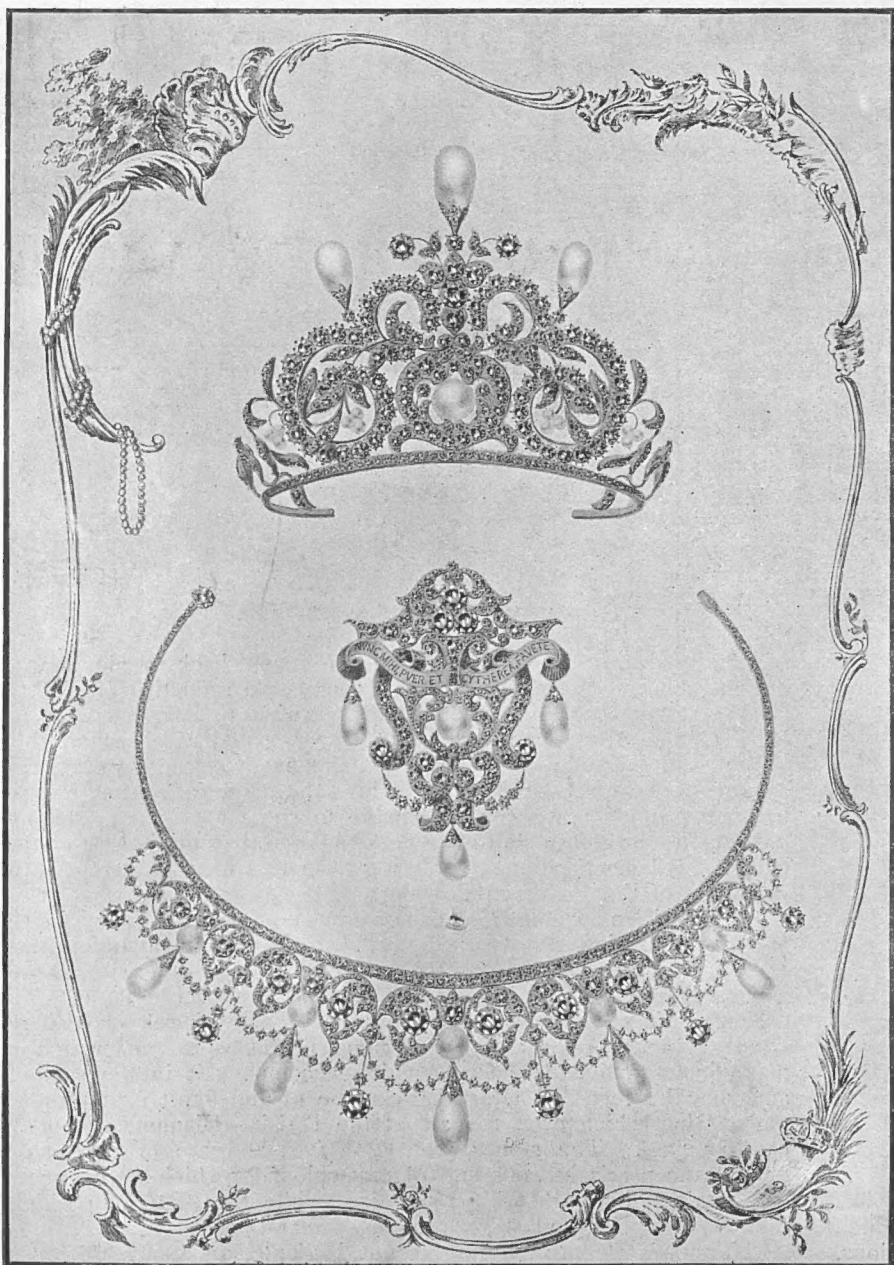
rejoice to learn that the principal chefs and *maitre d'hôtel* of the famous Monte Carlo Hermitage are being drafted on to Prince's for the London season. The final efforts of these artists were directed to the consummation and apotheosis of the Riviera season, which took the form of a luncheon, at which the Baron and Baroness d'Eppinghoven were hosts to H.R.H. Princess Clémentine of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duchess of Orleans and the two Archduchesses Clothilde and Elizabeth of Austria, with Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg to complete the party. This little luncheon included all the royalties on the Riviera, and was the final flutter of a successful season.

Our sketches include a delightful little foulard gown, with *entre deux* of Normandy lace, and little velvet strappings at elbows and belt. An important and highly ornate spring gown of black cloth and pale-coloured embroideries accounts for demoiselle number two. A perfect gown, but one requiring a master-hand to complete. SYBIL.

Some little stretch of imagination would be required to enable one to speak or write in terms of enthusiasm about the Empire's new revue, "Venus 1906." There is much that is not quite up to date, and a little that is tedious, while I think that the author has not always aimed at a high standard of good taste. If he has aimed, he is not a good shot. At the same time, it is reasonable to suppose that the management will soon see the more obvious faults of their latest production and seek to remove them. The revue is a novelty in England; it has to find its feet, and as it is easier to be vulgar than to be witty, growth must needs be unsatisfactory at first. "Venus 1906" may well be worked up into something funny and entirely free from offence, for there is quite a clever company engaged in its presentation, Miss Sybil Arundale and Mr. Harry Grattan being the best where many are good. The music, by Miss Constance Tippet, is bright and suitable, though many of the airs are first-cousins to melodies one has heard before. "Coppelia" should be produced early in May.

The excellent photograph of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, published in our issue of the 25th of last month, is one of an admirable series of stereographs published by the Keystone View Company, London and America. The firm's London's address is 88, Chancery Lane, W.C.

What is already acknowledged as one of the architectural features in London is now rapidly nearing completion. We refer to Waring and Gillow's new furnishing galleries in Oxford Street. Behind the huge hoarding a scene of extraordinary activity is revealed, no fewer than a thousand workpeople being employed in decorating and fitting the beautiful show-rooms and specimen rooms. It is understood that the premises will be opened within a few weeks.



A CORSAGE ORNAMENT EMBODYING A FAMILY MOTTO, AND OTHER EXQUISITE JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.